

THE LIVING AGE.

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DYING.—LIVING.—THE THREE LOVERS.

DYING.

You and I once loved
 Very dearly,
 Now the end has come
 Very nearly ;
 I shall turn my face away,
 As you turned your heart,
 And though we have loved,
This is how we part !

I was sad and silent,
 And you could not know—
 You could not imagine
 It would grieve me so.
 She has golden beauty,
 Mine is gone,
 But my love is true—
 She has none.

Ah ! you start and shudder,
 It is true,
 You will prove her faithless
 Even to you.
 When these sad, dark eyes
 Are closed for ever,
 And her blue ones laughing,
 Weeping never,

Beam on you so brightly
 Their sweet light,
 You will not forget me,
 Never quite ?
 I am sad and wearied,
 And I would not stay,
 From Heaven I shall watch you
 If I may.

Once I wished to live,
 Now what matters it ?
 Life had woven that dream,
 And death scatters it.
 Nay, you must not weep, love,
 Nothing is amiss ;
 Press on my pale forehead
 One last kiss.
 So all here is ended—
 Is this bliss ?

—*National Magazine.*

LIVING.

This was how she left me
 Long ago—
 Dying in the twilight,
 Dying so.
 With such words at parting,
 Oh, my heart !
 Though I strive to hide them,
 Tears will start.

For blue eyes I left her,
 And bright hair,
 Ruby lips, and all that
 Men call fair.
 Love, if I should meet you
 Up in heaven,
 Should you know your lover,
 Once forgiven ?

Might I pour my heart out
 At your feet,
 In some quiet corner
 Of the Golden Street ?
 Telling all my sorrow,
 All my grief,
 For the pain I caused you
 Past relief ;

For the death you died by
 Broken heart—
 Though I try to hide them
 Tears will start.
 Do you watch from heaven,
 As you said—
 Like a guardian angel
 By my bed ?

What if death should part us,
 You and I,
 More than we are parted—
 Let me try ?
 No, God make me stronger
 Day by day ;
 I must live my life out
 In some way.

Death may re-unite us,
 Who can tell ?
 Could you live in heaven,
 I in hell ?
 "Peace," I hear you saying
 From the sky ;
 "What though we are parted,
 You and I ?
 Death shall re-unite us
 By and by."

A. D.

—*National Magazine.*

THE THREE LOVERS.

(*Temp. Elizabeth.*)

O ! such a ruff the Marquis wears,—
 So fair and stiff with plaits all round ;
 Fair shines his satin cloak and vest,
 With Indian pearl-seed edged and bound ;
 His sword-hilt's gold, his orders hang
 Like strings of toys around his neck ;
 A dozen men, in black and white,
 Follow like chessmen at his beck :

This is the Marquis. Then the Fop,
 Who moves not but a scent of spring
 Shakes from his mantle and his plume.
 His gold spurs on the pavement ring ;
 His feather is a good yard high ;
 His buttons every one a gem ;
 A jewel hangs from either ear,
 His white hands ever play with them.

But see my Willy—kissing glove—
 Stabbing his shadow—brave and free
 He dances through the palace lands,
 Greeting each bird that sings like me.
 His velvet cap is looped with chains ;
 Red rubies in his bonnet flame
 So gay, so bright, and *débonnaire*—
 I love to hear his very name.
 —*Welcome Guest.* WALTER THORNBURY.

A. D.

From The Quarterly Review.

On the Origin of Species, by Means of Natural Selection; or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. London, 1860.

ANY contribution to our natural history literature from the pen of Mr. C. Darwin, is certain to command attention. His scientific attainments, his insight and carefulness as an observer, blended with no scanty measure of imaginative sagacity, and his clear and lively style, make all his writings unusually attractive. His present volume on the "Origin of Species" is the result of many years of observation, thought, and speculation; and is manifestly regarded by him as the "opus" upon which his future fame is to rest. It is true that he announces it modestly enough as the mere precursor of a mightier volume. But that volume is only intended to supply the facts which are to support the completed argument of the present essay. In this we have a specimen-collection of the vast accumulation; and, working from these as the high analytical mathematician may work from the admitted results of his conic sections, he proceeds to deduce all the conclusions to which he wishes to conduct his readers.

The essay is full of Mr. Darwin's characteristic excellences. It is a most readable book; full of facts in natural history, old and new, of his collecting and of his observing; and all of these are told in his own perspicuous language, and all thrown into picturesque combinations, and all sparkle with the colors of fancy and the lights of imagination. It assumes, too, the grave proportions of a sustained argument upon a matter of the deepest interest, not to naturalists only, or even to men of science exclusively, but to every one who is interested in the history of man and of the relations of nature around him to the history and plan of creation.

With Mr. Darwin's "argument" we may say in the outset that we shall have much and grave fault to find. But this does not make us the less disposed to admire the singular excellences of his work; and we will seek *in limine* to give our readers a few examples of these. Here, for instance, is a beautiful illustration of the wonderful interdependence of nature—of the golden chain

of unsuspected relations which bind together all the mighty web which stretches from end to end of this full and most diversified earth. Who, as he listened to the musical hum of the great humble-bees, or marked their ponderous flight from flower to flower, and watched the unpacking of their trunks for their work of suction, would have supposed that the multiplication or diminution of their race, or the fruitfulness and sterility of the red clover, depend as directly on the vigilance of our cats as do those of our well-guarded game-preserves on the watching of our keepers? Yet this Mr. Darwin has discovered to be literally the case:—

"From experiments which I have lately tried, I have found that the visits of bees are necessary for the fertilization of some kinds of clover; but humble-bees alone visit the red clover (*Trifolium pratense*), as other bees cannot reach the nectar. Hence I have very little doubt, that if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heartsease and red clover would become very rare or wholly disappear. The number of humble-bees in any district depends in a great degree on the number of field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and Mr. H. Newman, who has long attended to the habits of humble-bees, believes that 'more than two-thirds of them are thus destroyed all over England.' Now the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats; and Mr. Newman says, 'near villages and small towns I have found the nests of humble-bees more numerous than elsewhere, which I attribute to the number of cats that destroy the mice.' Hence, it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention, first of mice, and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district."—P. 74.

Again, how beautiful are the experiments recorded by him concerning that wonderful relation of the ants to the aphides, which would almost warrant us in giving to the aphid the name of *Vacca formicaria*:—

"One of the strongest instances of an animal apparently performing an action for the sole good of another with which I am acquainted is that of aphides voluntarily yielding their sweet excretion to ants. That they do so voluntarily the following facts will show. I removed all the ants from a group of about a dozen aphides on a dock plant, and prevented their attendance during several hours. After this interval, I felt sure that the aphides would want to excrete. I watched them for some time through a lens, but not one of them excreted. I then tickled and stroked them with a hair in the same manner, as well as I could, as the ants do with their antennæ, but not one excreted. Afterwards I

allowed an ant to visit them, and it immediately seemed by its eager way of running about, to be well aware what a rich flock it had discovered.

It then began to play with its antennæ on the abdomen first of one aphid and then of another, and each aphid, as soon as it felt the antennæ, immediately lifted up its abdomen and excreted a limpid drop of sweet juice, which was eagerly devoured by the ant. Even the quite young aphides behaved in this manner, showing that the action was instinctive, and not the result of experience."—Pp. 210, 211.

Or take the following admirable specimen of the union of which we have spoken, of the employment of the observations of others with what he has observed himself, in that which is almost the most marvellous of facts—the slave-making instinct of certain ants. We say nothing at present of the place assigned to these facts in Mr. Darwin's argument, but are merely referring to the collection, observation, and statement of the facts themselves:—

"*Slave-making Instinct.*—This remarkable instinct was first discovered in the Formica (Polyergus) rufescens by Pierre Huber, a better observer even than his celebrated father. This ant is absolutely dependent on its slaves; without their aid the species would certainly become extinct in a single year. The males and fertile females do not work. The workers or sterile females, though most energetic and courageous in capturing slaves, do no other work. They are incapable of making their own nests or of feeding their own larvæ. When the old nest is found inconvenient, and they have to migrate, it is the slaves which determine the migration, and actually carry their masters in their jaws. So utterly helpless are the masters, that when Huber shut up thirty of them without a slave, but with plenty of the food which they like best, and with their larvæ and pupæ to stimulate them to work, they did nothing; they could not even feed themselves, and many perished of hunger. Huber then introduced a single slave (F. fusca), and she instantly set to work, fed and saved the survivors, made some cells and tended the larvæ, and put all to rights. What can be more extraordinary than these well-ascertained facts? If we had not known of any other slave-making ant, it would have been hopeless to have speculated how so wonderful an instinct could have been perfected. Another species (Formica sanguinea) was likewise first discovered by P. Huber to be a slave-making ant. This species is found in the southern parts of England, and its habits have been attended to by Mr. F. Smith, of the British Museum, to whom I am much indebted for information on this and other subjects. Although fully trusting to the statements of Huber and Mr. Smith, I tried to approach the subject in a sceptical frame of mind, as any one may well be excused for doubting the truth of so extraordinary and odious an instinct as that of making slaves. Hence I give

the observations which I have myself made in some little detail. I opened fourteen nests of F. sanguinea, and found a few slaves in each. Males and fertile females of the slave-species (F. fusca) are found only in their own proper communities, and have never been observed in the nests of F. sanguinea. The slaves are black, and not above half the size of their red masters, so that the contrast in their appearance is very great. When the nest is slightly disturbed, the slaves occasionally come out, and, like their masters, are much agitated, and defend the nest.

When the nest is much disturbed, and the larvæ and pupæ are exposed, the slaves work energetically with their masters in carrying them away to a place of safety. Hence it is clear that the slaves feel quite at home. During the months of June and July, in three successive years, I have watched for many hours several nests in Surrey and Sussex, and never saw a slave either leave or enter a nest. As, during these months, the slaves are very few in number, I thought that they might behave differently when more numerous, but Mr. Smith informs me that he has watched nests at various hours during May, June, and August, both in Surrey and Hampshire, and has never seen the slaves, though present in large numbers in August, either leave or enter the nest. Hence he considers them as strictly household slaves. The masters, on the other hand, may be constantly seen bringing in materials for the nest, and food of all kinds. During the present year, however, in the month of July, I came across a community with an unusually large stock of slaves, and I observed a few slaves mingled with their masters leaving the nest, and marching along the same road to a large Scotch fir-tree, twenty-five yards distant, which they ascended together, probably in search of aphides or cocci. According to Huber, who had ample opportunities for observation, in Switzerland, the slaves habitually work with their masters in making the nest, and they alone open and close the doors in the morning and evening; and, as Huber expressly states, their principal office is to search for aphides. This difference in the usual habits of the masters and slaves in the two countries probably depends merely on the slaves being captured in greater numbers in Switzerland than in England.

"One day I fortunately witnessed a migration of F. sanguinea from one nest to another, and it was a most interesting spectacle to behold the masters carefully carrying (instead of being carried by, as in the case of F. rufescens) their slaves in their jaws. Another day my attention was struck by about a score of the slave-makers haunting the same spot, and evidently not in search of food: they approached, and were vigorously repulsed by an independent community of the slave species (F. fusca), sometimes as many as three of these ants clinging to the legs of the slave-making F. sanguinea. The latter ruthlessly killed their small opponents, and carried their dead bodies as food to their nest, twenty-nine yards distant, but they were prevented from getting any pupæ to rear as slaves. I then dug up a small parcel of pupæ of F. fusca from another nest, and put them down on a bare

spot near the place of combat; they were eagerly seized and carried off by the tyrants, who perhaps fancied that, after all, they had been victorious in their late combat.

"At the same time I laid on the same place a small parcel of the pupæ of another species (*F. flava*), with a few of these little yellow ants still clinging to the fragments of the nest. This is sometimes, though rarely, made into slaves, as has been described by Mr. Smith. Although so small a species, it is very courageous, and I have seen it ferociously attack other ants. In one instance I found to my surprise an independent community of *F. flava* under a stone beneath a nest of the slave-making *F. sanguinea*, and when I had accidentally disturbed both nests, the little ants attacked their big neighbors with surprising courage.

"Now I was curious to ascertain whether *F. sanguinea* could distinguish the pupæ of *F. fusca*, which they habitually make into slaves, from those of the little and furious *F. flava*, which they rarely capture, and it was evident that they did at once distinguish them, for we have seen that they eagerly and instantly seized the pupæ of *F. fusca*, whereas they were much terrified when they came across the pupæ or even the earth from the nest of *F. flava*, and quickly ran away; but in about a quarter of an hour, shortly after all the little yellows ants had crawled away, they took heart and carried off the pupæ.

"One evening I visited another community of *F. sanguinea*, and found a number of these ants returning home and entering their nests, carrying the dead bodies of *F. fusca* (showing that it was not a migration) and numerous pupæ. I traced a long file of ants burdened with this booty for about forty yards to a very thick clump of heath, whence I saw the last individual of *F. sanguinea* emerge, carrying a pupa, but I was not able to find the desolated nest in the thick heath. The nest, however, must have been close at hand, for two or three individuals of *F. fusca* were rushing about in the greatest agitation, and one was perched motionless with its own pupa in its mouth on the top of a spray of heath, an image of despair over its ravaged home."—P. 219, 223.

Now, all this is, we think, really charming writing. We feel as we walk abroad with Mr. Darwin very much as the favored object of the attention of the dervise must have felt when he had rubbed the ointment around his eye, and had it opened to see all the jewels, and diamonds, and emeralds, and topazes, and rubies, which were sparkling unregarded beneath the earth, hidden as yet from all eyes save those which the dervise had enlightened. But here we are bound to say our pleasure terminates; for when we turn with Mr. Darwin to his "argument," we are almost immediately at variance with him. It is as an "argument" that the essay is put forward; as an argument we will test it.

We can perhaps best convey to our readers a clear view of Mr. Darwin's chain of reasoning, and of our objections to it, if we set before them, first, the conclusion to which he seeks to bring them; next, the leading propositions which he must establish in order to make good his final inference; and then the mode by which he endeavors to support his propositions.

The conclusion, then, to which Mr. Darwin would bring us is, that all the various forms of vegetable and animal life with which the globe is now peopled, or of which we find the remains preserved in a fossil state in the great Earth-Museum around us, which the science of geology unlocks for our instruction, have come down by natural succession of descent from father to son,—"animals from at most four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or less number" (p. 484), as Mr. Darwin at first somewhat diffidently suggests; or rather, as, growing bolder when he has once pronounced his theory, he goes on to suggest to us, from one single head:—

"Analogy would lead me one step further, namely, to the belief that ALL ANIMALS and PLANTS have descended from some one prototype. But analogy may be a deceitful guide. Nevertheless, all living things have much in common in their chemical composition, their germinal vesicles, their cellular structure, and their laws of growth and reproduction. . . . Therefore I should infer from analogy that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth" (man therefore of course included) "have descended from some one primordial form into which life was first breathed by the Creator."—P. 484.

This is the theory which really pervades the whole volume. Man, beast, creeping thing, and plant of the earth, are all the lineal and direct descendants of some one individual *ens*, whose various progeny have been simply modified by the action of natural and ascertainable conditions into the multi-form aspect of life which we see around us. This is undoubtedly at first sight a somewhat startling conclusion to arrive at. To find that mosses, grasses, turnips, oaks, worms, and flies, mites and elephants, infusoria and whales, tadpoles of to-day and venerable saurians, truffles and men, are all equally the lineal descendants of the same aboriginal common ancestor, perhaps of the nucleated cell of some primæval fungus, which alone possessed the distinguishing honor of

being the "one primordial form into which life was first breathed by the Creator"—this, to say the least of it, is no common discovery—no very expected conclusion. But we are too loyal pupils of inductive philosophy to start back from any conclusion by reason of its strangeness. Newton's patient philosophy taught him to find in the falling apple the law which governs the silent movements of the stars in their courses; and if Mr. Darwin can with the same correctness of reasoning demonstrate to us our fungular descent, we shall dismiss our pride, and avow, with the characteristic humility of philosophy, our unsuspected cousinship with the mushrooms,—

"Claim kindred there, and have our claim allowed,"

—only we shall ask leave to scrutinize carefully every step of the argument which has such an ending, and demur if at any point of it we are invited to substitute unlimited hypothesis for patient observation, or the spasmodic fluttering flight of fancy for the severe conclusions to which logical accuracy of reasoning has led the way.

Now, the main propositions by which Mr. Darwin's conclusion is attained are these:—

"1. That observed and admitted variations spring up in the course of descents from a common progenitor.

"2. That many of these variations tend to an improvement upon the parent stock.

"3. That, by a continued selection of these improved specimens as the progenitors of future stock, its powers may be unlimitedly increased.

"4. And, lastly, that there is in nature a power continually and universally working out this selection, and so fixing and augmenting these improvements."

Mr. Darwin's whole theory rests upon the truth of these propositions, and crumbles utterly away if only one of them fail him. These therefore we must closely scrutinize. We will begin with the last in our series, both because we think it the newest and the most ingenious part of Mr. Darwin's whole argument, and also because, whilst we absolutely deny the mode in which he seeks to apply the existence of the power to help him in his argument, yet we think that he throws great and very interesting light upon the fact that such a self-acting power does actually and continuously work in all creation around us.

Mr. Darwin finds then the disseminating and improving power, which he needs to account for the development of new forms in nature, in the principle of "Natural Selection," which is evolved in the strife for room to live and flourish which is evermore maintained between themselves by all living things. One of the most interesting parts of Mr. Darwin's volume is that in which he establishes this law of natural selection; we say establishes, because—repeating that we differ from him totally in the limits which he would assign to its action—we have no doubt of the existence or of the importance of the law itself. Mr. Darwin illustrates it thus:—

"There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate, that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the offspring of a single pair. Linnaeus has calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds—and there is no plant so unproductive as this—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be a million plants. The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase. It will be under the mark to assume that it breeds when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth three pair of young in this interval; if this be so, at the end of the fifth century there would be alive fifteen million elephants, descended from the first pair."—P. 64.

Leaving theoretical calculations, Mr. Darwin proceeds to facts to establish this rapid increase:—

"Several of the plants, such as the cardoon, and a tall thistle, now most numerous over the wide plains of La Plata, clothing square leagues of surface almost to the exclusion of all other plants, have been introduced from Europe."—P. 65.

And, again, he reasons from the animal world:—

"The condor lays a couple of eggs and the ostrich a score, and yet in the same country the condor may be the more numerous of the two. The fulmar petrel lays but one egg, yet it is believed to be the most numerous bird in the world."—P. 66.

This is followed by a passage which well illustrates the care and cleverness of Mr. Darwin's own observations:—

"On a piece of ground three feet long and two wide, dug and cleaned, and where there could be no choking from other plants, I marked all the seedlings of our native weeds as they

came up, and, out of the three hundred and fifty-seven, no less than two hundred and ninety-five were destroyed, chiefly by slugs and insects. If turf which has long been mown—and the case would be the same with turf closely browsed by quadrupeds—be let to grow, the more vigorous plants gradually kill the less vigorous though fully grown plants; thus out of twenty species growing on a little plot of turf (three feet by four) nine species perished from the other species being allowed to grow up freely."—Pp. 67, 68.

Now all this is excellent. The facts are all gathered from a true observation of nature, and from a patiently obtained comprehension of their undoubted and unquestionable relative significance. That such a struggle for life then actually exists, and that it tends continually to lead the strong to exterminate the weak, we readily admit; and in this law we see a merciful provision against the deterioration, in a world apt to deteriorate, of the works of the Creator's hands. Thus it is that the bloody strifes of the males of all wild animals tend to maintain the vigor and full development of their race; because, through this machinery of appetite and passion, the most vigorous individuals become the progenitors of the next generation of the tribe. And this law, which thus maintains through the struggle of individuals the high type of the family, tends continually, through a similar struggle of species, to lead the stronger species to supplant the weaker.

This, indeed, is no new observation: Lucretius knew and eloquently expatiated on its truth:—

"Multaque tum interiisse animantum secla necesse est,

Nec potuisse propagando procedere prolem.
Nam, quæcumque vides vesci vitalibus auris
Aut dolus, aut virtus, aut denique mobilitas,
est,

Ex incunte ævo, genus id tutata reservant."*

And this, which is true in animal, is no less true in vegetable life. Hardier or more prolific plants, or plants better suited to the soil or conditions of climate, continually tend to supplant others less hardy, less prolific, or less suited to the conditions of vegetable life in those special districts. Thus far, then, the action of such a law as this is clear and indisputable.

But before we can go a step further, and argue from its operation in favor of a perpetual improvement in natural types, we must be shown first that this law of compe-

* Lucret., "De Rer. Nat.," lib. v.

tition has in nature to deal with such favorable variations in the individuals of any species, as truly to exalt those individuals above the highest type of perfection to which their least imperfect predecessors attained—above, that is to say, the normal level of the species:—that such individual improvement is, in truth, a rising above the highest level of any former tide, and not merely the return in its appointed season of the feebler neap to the fuller spring-tide;—and then, next, we must be shown that there is actively at work in nature, co-ordinate with the law of competition and with the existence of such favorable variations, a power of accumulating such favorable variation through successive descents. Failing the establishment of either of these last two propositions, Mr. Darwin's whole theory falls to pieces. He has accordingly labored with all his strength to establish these, and into that attempt we must now follow him.

Mr. Darwin begins by endeavoring to prove that such variations are produced under the selecting power of man amongst domestic animals. Now here we demur *in limine*. Mr. Darwin himself allows that there is a plastic habit amongst domesticated animals which is not found amongst them when in a state of nature. "Under domestication, it may be truly said that the whole organization becomes in some degree plastic." (P. 80.) If so, it is not fair to argue, from the variations of the plastic nature, as to what he himself admits is the far more rigid nature of the undomesticated animal. But we are ready to give Mr. Darwin this point, and to join issue with him on the variations which he is able to adduce, as having been produced under circumstances the most favorable to change. He takes for this purpose the domestic pigeon, the most favorable specimen no doubt, for many reasons, which he could select, as being a race eminently subject to variation, the variations of which have been most carefully observed by breeders, and which, having been for some four thousand years domesticated, affords the longest possible period for the accumulation of variations. But with all this in his favor, what is he able to show? He writes a delightful chapter upon pigeons. Runts and fantails, short-faced tumblers and long-faced tumblers, long-beaked carriers and pouters, black barbs, jacobins, and tur-

bits, coo and tumble, inflate their œsophagi, and pout and spread out their tails before us. We learn that "pigeons have been watched and tended with the utmost care, and loved by many people." They have been domesticated for thousands of years in several quarters of the world. The earliest known record of pigeons is in the fifth Egyptian dynasty, about three thousand years B.C., though "pigeons are given in a bill of fare" (what an autograph would be that of the chef-de-cuisine of the day!) "in the previous dynasty" (pp. 27, 28): and so we follow pigeons on down to the days of "that most skilful breeder Sir John Sebright," who "used to say, with respect to pigeons, that 'he would produce any given feather in three years, but it would take him six years to produce beak and head.'"—P. 31.

Now all this is very pleasant writing, especially for pigeon-fanciers; but what step do we really gain in it at all towards establishing the alleged fact that variations are but species in the act of formation, or in establishing Mr. Darwin's position that a well-marked variety may be called an incipient species? We affirm positively that no single *fact* tending even in that direction is brought forward. On the contrary, every one points distinctly towards the opposite conclusion; for with all the change wrought in appearance, with all the apparent variation in manners, there is not the faintest beginning of any such change in what that great comparative anatomist, Professor Owen, calls "the characteristics of the skeleton or other parts of the frame upon which specific differences are founded."* There is no tendency to that great law of sterility which, in spite of Mr. Darwin, we affirm ever to mark the hybrid; for every variety of pigeon, and the descendants of every such mixture, breed as freely, and with as great fertility, as the original pair; nor is there the very first appearance of that power of accumulating variations until they grow into specific differences, which is essential to the argument for the transmutation of species; for as Mr. Darwin allows, sudden returns in color, and other most altered appearances, to the parent stock continually attest the tendency of variations not to become fixed, but to vanish, and manifest the perpetual presence of a principle leading not to the accumulation of minute

* "On the Classification of Mammalia," p. 98.

variations into well-marked species, but to a return from the abnormal to the original type. So clear is this, that it is well known that any relaxation in the breeder's care effaces all the established points of difference, and the fancy-pigeon reverts again to the character of its simplest ancestor.

The same relapse may moreover be traced in still wider instances. There are many testimonies to the fact that domesticated animals, removed from the care and tending of man, lose rapidly the peculiar variations which domestication had introduced amongst them, and relapse into their old untamed condition. "Plus," says M. P. S. Pallas,* "je réfléchis, plus je suis disposé à croire que la race des chevaux sauvages que l'on trouve dans les landes baignées par le Jaik et le Don, et dans celles de Baraba, ne provient que de chevaux Kirguis et Kalmouks devenus sauvages," etc.; and he proceeds to show how far they have relapsed from the type of tame into that of wild horses. Prichard, in his "Natural History of Man," remarks that the present state of the escaped domesticated animals, which, since the discovery of the Western Continent by the Spaniards, have been transported from Europe to America, gives us an opportunity of seeing how soon the relapse may become almost complete. "Many of these races have multiplied (he says) exceedingly on a soil and under a climate congenial to their nature. Several of them have run wild in the vast forests of America, and have lost all the most obvious appearances of domestication."† This he proceeds to prove to be more or less the case as to the hog, the horse, the ass, the sheep, the goat, the cow, the dog, the cat, and gallinaceous fowls.

Now, in all these instances we have the result of the power of selection exercised on the most favorable species for a very long period of time, in a race of that peculiarly plastic habit which is the result of long domestication; and that result is, to prove that there has been no commencement of any such mutation as could, if it was infinitely prolonged, become really a specific change.

There is another race of animals which comes under our closest inspection, which has been the friend and companion of man

* "Voyages de M. P. S. Pallas, traduit de l'Allemand par M. Gaultier de la Peyroune," vol. i. p. 89.

† "Natural History of Man," pp. 27, 28.

certainly ever since the wandering Ulysses returned to Ithaca, and of which it has been man's interest to obtain every variation which he could extract out of the original stock. The result is every day before us. We all know the vast difference, which strikes the dull eye, between, for instance, the short bandy-legged snub-nosed bull-dog, and the almost aerial Italian greyhound. Here again the experiment of variation by selection has been well-nigh tried out. And with what results? Here again with an absolute absence of the first dawns of any variety which could by its own unlimited prolongation constitute a specific difference. Again there is perfect freedom and fertility of interbreeding; again a continual tendency to revert to the common type; again, even in the most apparently dissimilar specimens, a really specific agreement. Hear what Professor Owen says on this point:—

"No species of animal has been subject to such decisive experiments, continued through so many generations, as to the influence of different degrees of exercise of the muscular system, difference in regard to food, association with man, and the concomitant stimulus to the development of intelligence, as the dog; and no domestic animal manifests so great a range of variety in regard to general size, to color and character of hair, and to the form of the head, as it is affected by different proportions of the cranium and face, and by inter-muscular crests superadded to the cranial parietes.

"Yet, under the extremest mark of variety so superinduced, the naturalist detects in the dental formula and in the construction of the cranium the unmistakable generic and specific characters of the *canis familiaris*. Note also how unerringly and plainly the extremest varieties of the dog-kind recognize their own specific relationship. How differently does the giant Newfoundland behave to the dwarf pug on a casual rencontre, from the way in which either of them would treat a jackal, a wolf, or a fox. The dumb animal might teach the philosopher that unity of kind or of species is discoverable under the strangest mask of variation." *

Nor let our readers forget over how large a lapse of time our opportunities of observation extend. From the early Egyptian habit of embalming, we know that for four thousand years at least the species of our own domestic animals, the cat, the dog, and others, has remained absolutely unaltered.

Yet it is in the face of such facts as these that Mr. Darwin ventures, first, to declare that "new races of animals and plants are produced under domestication by man's methodical and unconscious power of selec-

tion, for his own use and pleasure," and then to draw from the changes introduced amongst domesticated animals this caution for naturalists: "May they not learn a lesson of caution when they deride the idea of species in a state of nature being lineal descendants of other species?"—P. 29.

Nor must we pass over unnoticed the transference of the argument from the domesticated to the untamed animals. Assuming that man as the selector can do much in a limited time, Mr. Darwin argues that nature, a more powerful, a more continuous power, working over vastly extended ranges of time, can do more. But why should nature, so uniform and persistent in all her operations, tend in this instance to change? why should she become a selector of varieties? Because, most ingeniously argues Mr. Darwin, in the struggle for life, if any variety favorable to the individual were developed, that individual would have a better chance in the battle of life, would assert more proudly his own place, and, handing on his peculiarity to his descendants, would become the progenitor of an improved race; and so a variety would have grown into a species.

We think it difficult to find a theory fuller of assumptions; and of assumptions not grounded upon alleged facts in nature, but which are absolutely opposed to all the facts we have been able to observe.

1. We have already shown that the variations of which we have proof under domestication have never, under the longest and most continued system of selections we have known, laid the first foundation of a specific difference, but have always tended to relapse, and not to accumulated and fixed persistence.

But, 2ndly, all these variations have the essential characteristics of *monstrosity* about them; and *not one* of them has the character which Mr. Darwin repeatedly reminds us is the *only one* which nature can select, viz. of being an advantage to the selected individual in the battle of life, i.e. an improvement upon the normal type by raising some individual of the species not to the highest possible excellence within the species, but to some excellence above it. So far from this, every variation introduced by man is for man's advantage, not for the advantage of the animal. Correlation is so certainly the law of all animal existence that man can only develop one part by the sacrifice of another. The bull-dog gains in strength and loses in swiftness; the greyhound gains in swiftness but loses in strength. Even the English race-horse loses much which would enable it in the battle of life to compete with its rougher ancestor. So too with our prize

*Owen's "Classification of Mammalia," p. 100.

cattle. Their greater tendency to an earlier accumulation of meat and fat is counter-balanced, as is well known, by loss of robust health, fertility, and of power of yielding milk, in proportion to their special development in the direction which man's use of them as food requires. There is not a shadow of ground for saying that man's variations ever improve the typical character of the animal as an animal; they do but by some monstrous development make it more useful to himself; and hence it is that nature, according to her universal law with monstrosities, is ever tending to obliterate the deviation and to return to the type.

The applied argument then, from variation under domestication, fails utterly. But further, what does observation say as to the occurrence of a single instance of such favorable variation? Men have for thousands of years been conversant as hunters and other rough naturalists with animals of every class. Has any one such instance ever been discovered? We fearlessly assert not one. Variations have been found: rodents whose teeth have grown abnormally; animals of various classes of which the eyes, from the absence of light in their dwellings, have been obscured and obliterated; but *not one* which has tended to raise the individual in the struggle of life above the typical conditions of its own species. Mr. Darwin himself allows that he finds none; and accounts for their absence in existing fauna only by the suggestion, that, in the competition between the less improved parent-form and the improved successor, the parent will have yielded in the strife in order to make room for the successor; and so "both the parent and all the transitional varieties will generally have been exterminated by the very process of formation and perfection of the new form" (p. 172)—a most unsatisfactory answer as it seems to us; for why—since if this is nature's law these innumerable changes must be daily occurring—should there never be any one producible proof of their existence?

Here then again, when subjected to the stern Baconian law of the observation of facts, the theory breaks down utterly; no natural variations from the specific type favorable to the individual from which nature is to select can anywhere be found.

But once more. If these transmutations were actually occurring, must there not, in some part of the great economy of nature round us, be somewhere at least some instance to be quoted of the accomplishment of the change? With many of the lower forms of animals, life is so short and generations so rapid in their succession that it would be all but impossible, if such changes

were happening, that there should be no proof of their occurrence; yet never have the longing observations of Mr. Darwin and the transmutationists found one such instance to establish their theory, and this although the shades between one class and another are often most lightly marked. For there are creatures which occupy a doubtful post between the animal and vegetable kingdoms—half-notes in the great scale of nature's harmony. Is it credible that all favorable varieties of turnips are tending to become men, and yet that the closest microscopic observation has never detected the faintest tendency in the highest of the Algae to improve into the very lowest Zoophyte?

Again, we have not only the existing tribes of animals out of which to cull, if possible, the instances which the transmutationists require to make their theory defensible consistently with the simplest laws of inductive science, but we have in the earth beneath us a vast museum of the forms which have preceded us. Over so vast a period of time does Mr. Darwin extend this collection that he finds reasons for believing that "it is not improbable that a longer period than three hundred million years has elapsed since the latter part of the secondary (geological) period" alone. (p. 287.) Here surely at last we must find the missing links of that vast chain of innumerable and separately imperceptible variations, which has convinced the inquirer into Nature's undoubted facts of the truth of the transmutation theory. But no such thing. The links are wholly wanting, and the multiplicity of these facts and their absolute rebellion against Mr. Darwin's theory is perhaps his chief difficulty. Here is his own statement of it, and his mode of meeting it:—

"Why then is not every geological formation and stratum full of such intermediate links? Geology assuredly does not reveal any such finely graduated organic chain; and this, perhaps, is the most obvious and gravest objection which can be urged against my theory. The explanation lies, as I believe, in the extreme imperfection of the geological record."—P. 280.

This "Imperfection of the Geological Record," and the "Geological Succession," are the subjects of two labored and ingenious chapters, in which he tries, as we think utterly in vain, to break down the unanswerable refutation which is given to his theory by the testimony of the rocks. He treats the subject thus:—1. He affirms that only a small portion of the globe has been explored with care. 2. He extends at will to new and hitherto unsuggested myriads of years the times which have elapsed between successive formations in order to account for the utter absence of every thing like a suc-

cession of ascertainable variations in the successive inhabitants of the earth. How he deals in these suggestions with time, filling in or striking out a few millions of years at pleasure, the following comprehensive sentence may show :—

"At this rate, on the above data, the denudation of the Weald must have required 306,662,400 years, or say three hundred million years. But perhaps it would be safer to allow two or three inches per century, and this would reduce the number of years to one hundred and fifty or one hundred million years."—P. 287.

As these calculations concerning the general duration of formations, and specially concerning the Weald, are highly characteristic of the whole "argument," it may be worth while to submit them to a somewhat closer examination.

Mr. D. then argues (pp. 285, 286) that "faults" proclaim the vastness of these durations. To establish this, he supposes that the result of a great fracture was the severing of strata once continuous, so as to throw them relatively a thousand feet apart from their original position, and thus form a cliff which stood up vertically on one side of that dislocation; and so he imagines that countless ages must have elapsed, *according to the present waste of land*, to account for the wearing down of these outlines, so as to have left (as is often the case) no trace of the great dislocation upon the present surface of the land. But, with hardly an exception, every sound geologist would repudiate as a "*petitio principii*" this whole method of reasoning; for though a few geologists would explain these great dislocations on the hypothesis of intermittent successive movements severally of small amount, yet in the judgment of far the larger number, and the more judicious of those who have made geology their study, they were undoubtedly the result of sudden movements, produced by internal efforts of central heat and of gas to escape, and were infinitely more intense and spasmodic (catastrophe if you will) than any of those similar causes which in a minor way, now produce our earthquakes and oscillations of the surface to the extent of a few feet only. Hence these great breaks and fractures were of such a nature as to render it impossible that any cliff should, at the period of their formation, have stood up on one side of the fracture. The very movement, accompanied as it must have been by translation of vast masses of water sweeping away the rubbish, may, on the instant, have almost entirely smoothed down the ruptured fragments; the more so, as most of these great dislocations are believed to have taken place *under the sea*. The flattening down of

all superficial appearances was therefore most probably the direct result of the catastrophe, and the countless ages of Darwin were, in all probability, at the longest, nothing more than a few months or years of our time.

The whole argument as to the Wealden denudation (p. 287) appears to us a similar exaggeration. Granting that rocky coasts are very slowly worn away by the present sea, the application of this view to the north and south coasts of the valley of the Weald, i.e. to the escarpments of the North and South Downs, is entirely untenable. For what shadow of proof is there that these chalk escarpments have been worn down inch by inch by the erosion of the waves of a former sea? It may be said to have been demonstrated* by that great practical observer and philosophical geologist Sir R. Murchison, that, inasmuch as there is no trace of rounded water-worn pebbles nor shingles in any portion of the Weald (though there were plenty on the slopes without), the sea never could have so acted along these escarpments as on a shore, and hence the whole of the basis of the reasoning, about the three hundred million of years for the denudation of the cretaceous and subjacent deposits, is itself washed away at once.

But not only do the facts to which Mr. Darwin trusts to establish his vast lapses of years, which, he says, "impress his mind almost in the same manner as does the vain endeavor to grapple with the idea of Eternity" (p. 285), not only do these give him the same power of supposing the progress of changes, of which we have found neither the commencement, nor the progress, nor the record, as ancient geographers allowed themselves, when they speculated upon the forms of men whose heads grew beneath their shoulders in the unreachd recesses of Africa,—but when, passing from these unlimited terms for change to work in, he proceeds to deal with the absence of all record of the changes themselves, the plainest geological facts again disprove his assumptions. For here he assumes that there are everywhere vast gaps (p. 302) between successive formations, which might, if they were filled up, furnish instances of all the many gradations required by his theory, and also that the past condition of the earth made the preservation of such specimens improbable. To prove the existence of these wide gaps, Mr. Darwin quotes (p. 289) Sir R. Murchison's great work on "Russia;" but he appears to us to quote it incorrectly, for we understand it to say that there is abundant

* See "Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society," London.

evidence that in that drift-covered region there are many evidences of the transition from the Devonian into the Carboniferous era in Palæozoic life, and also from the old Aralo-Caspian, or brackish water condition of tertiary times into present oceanic life; and that if all the rocks of Russia could be uncovered and the drift removed, we might discover many more of these transitions. In fact, although the geological record is often broken, we already know of many unbroken and perfect transitions between the Cambrian and Silurian, between the Silurian and Devonian, between the Devonian and Carboniferous, if not between the latter and the Permian.

Again, there is an absolute unbroken physical connection in Germany between the Permian and the Trias, and yet an entire separation of animals, and so on in Secondary and Tertiary deposits.

Now, if the field-geologist can show clear proofs of continuous deposit, and yet many distinct plants and animals in the succeeding formations, what becomes of that immense lapse of ages which should transform the Palæozoic Permian type into the entirely distinct Secondary or Triassic form? All such links are absolutely wanting even in these tracts, and in many others, where the conformable and gradual transition between formations proves that there is between them no break, and where every thing indicates quiet physical transition, and which yet contain utterly different remains. How then can we account for such distinct forms of life in the quietly succeeding formations except by distinct creations?

Mr. Darwin is compelled to admit that he finds no records in the crust of the earth to verify his assumption:—

"To the question why we do not find records of these vast primordial periods, I can give no satisfactory answer."—P. 308.

And again—

"The difficulty of understanding the absence of vast piles of fossiliferous strata, which on my theory no doubt were somewhere accumulated before the Silurian epoch, is very great."—P. 308.

As to the suggestion that the absence of organic remains is no proof of the non-existence of the unrepresented classes, we would rather speak in the weighty words of Professor Owen than employ our own:—

"The sum of the evidence which has been obtained appears to prove that the successive extinction of Amphitheria, Spalacotheria, Triconodons, and other mesozoic forms of mammals, has been followed by the introduction of much more numerous, varied, and higher-organized forms of the class, during the tertiary periods. There

are, however, geologists who maintain that this is an assumption based upon a partial knowledge of the facts.

"In the palæozoic strata, which, from their extent and depth, indicate, in the earth's existence as a seat of organic life, a period as prolonged as that which has followed their deposition, no trace of mammals has been observed. It may be conceded that, were mammals peculiar to dry land, such negative evidence would weigh little in producing conviction of their non-existence during the Silurian and Devonian æons, because the explored parts of such strata have been deposited from an ocean, and the chance of finding a terrestrial and air-breathing creature's remains in oceanic deposits is very remote. But in the present state of the warm-blooded, air-breathing, viviparous class, no genera and species are represented by such numerous and widely dispersed individuals as those of the order Cetacea, which, under the guise of fishes, dwell, and can only live, in the ocean.

"In all cetacea the skeleton is well ossified, and the vertebræ are very numerous; the smallest cetaceans would be deemed large amongst land-mammals, the largest surpass in bulk any creatures of which we have yet gained cognizance. The hugest ichthyosaur, iguanodon, megalosaur, mammoth, or megatherie, is a dwarf in comparison with the modern whale of a hundred feet in length.

"During the period in which we have proof that cetacea have existed, the evidence in the shape of bones and teeth, which latter enduring characteristics in most of the species are peculiar for their great number in the same individual, must have been abundantly deposited at the bottom of the sea; and as cachalots, grampuses, dolphins, and porpoises, are seen gambolling in shoals in deep oceans, far from land, their remains will form the most characteristic evidences of vertebrate life in the strata now in course of formation at the bottom of such oceans. Accordingly, it consists with the known characteristics of the cetacean class to find the marine deposits which fell from seas tenanted, as now, with vertebrates of that high grade, containing the fossil evidences of the order in vast abundance."*

And on that subject he again maintains:—

"In like manner does such negative evidence weigh with me in proof of the non-existence of marine mammals in the liassic and oolitic times. In the marine deposits of those secondary or mesozoic epochs, the evidence of vertebrates governing the ocean, and preying on inferior marine vertebrates, is as abundant as that of air-breathing vertebrates in the tertiary strata; but in the one the fossils are exclusively of the cold-blooded reptilian class, in the other of the warm-blooded mammalian class. The Enaliosauria, Cetiosauria, and Crocodilia played the same part and fulfilled similar offices in the seas from which the lias and oolites were precipitated, as the Delphinidæ and Balænidæ did in the tertiary.

* Owen "On the Classification of Mammalia," Pp. 68, 69.

tiary and still do in the present seas. The unbiased conclusion from both negative and positive evidence in this matter is, that the Cetacea succeeded and superseded the Enaliosaeria. To the mind that will not accept such conclusion, the stratified oolitic rocks must cease to be monuments or trustworthy records of the condition of life on the earth at that period."—P. 59.

And he thus sums up the argument:—

"So far, however, as any general conclusion can be deduced from the large sum of evidence above referred to and contrasted, it is against the doctrine of the Uniformitarian. Organic remains traced from their earliest known graves are succeeded one series by another, to the present period, and never reappear when once lost sight of in the ascending search. As well might we expect a living ichthyosaur in the Pacific as a fossil whale in the lias: the rule governs as strongly in the retrospect as the prospect. And not only as respects the vertebrata, but the sum of the animal species at each successive geological period has been distinct and peculiar to such period."—P. 60.

Mr. Darwin's own pages bear witness to the same conclusion. The rare land shell found by Sir C. Lyell and Dr. Dawson in North America affords a conclusive proof that in the carboniferous period such animals were most rare, and only the earliest of that sort created. For the carboniferous strata of North America, stretching over tracts as large as the British Isles, and containing innumerable plants and other terrestrial things, must have been very equally depressed and elevated, since the very flowers and fruits of the plants of the period have been preserved; and if terrestrial animals abounded, why do we not see more of their remains than this miserable little dendropupa about a quarter of an inch long?

It would be wearisome to prolong these proofs; but if to any man they seem insufficient, let him read carefully the conclusion of Sir Roderick Murchison's masterly work upon "Siluria." We venture to aver that the conviction must be forced upon him that the geological record is absolutely inconsistent with the truth of Mr. Darwin's theory; and yet by Mr. Darwin's own confession this conclusion is fatal to his whole argument:—

"If my theory be true, it is indisputable that, before the lowest Silurian stratum was deposited, long periods elapsed, as long as, or probably far longer than, the whole interval from the Silurian age to the present day; and that during these vast yet quite unknown periods of time, the world swarmed with living creatures."—P. 307.

Now it is proved to demonstration by Sir Roderick Murchison, and admitted by all geologists, that we possess these earlier formations, stretching over vast extents, perfectly unaltered, and exhibiting no signs of

life. Here we have, as nearly as it is possible in the nature of things to have, the absolute proof of a negative. If these forms of life had existed they must have been found. Even Mr. Darwin shrinks from the deadly gripe of this argument. "The case," he says (p. 308) "at present must remain inexplicable, and may be truly urged as a valid argument against the views here entertained." More than once indeed does he make this admission. One passage we have quoted already from p. 280 of his work. With equal candor he says further on:—

"I do not pretend that I should ever have suspected how poor a record of the mutations of life the best preserved geological section presented, had not the difficulty of our not discovering innumerable transitional links between the species which appeared at the commencement and close of each formation pressed so hardly on my theory."—P. 302.

And, once more—

"Why does not every collection of fossil remains afford plain evidence of the gradation and mutation of the forms of life? We meet with no such evidence, and this is the most obvious and forcible of the many objections which may be urged against my theory."—P. 463.

But though this objection is that which is rated highest by himself, there is another which appears to us in some respects stronger still, and to which we deem Mr. Darwin's answers equally insufficient,—we mean the law of sterility affixed to hybridism. If it were possible to proclaim more distinctly by one provision than another that the difference between various species was a law of creation, and not, as the transmutationists maintain, an ever-varying accident, it would surely be by the interposing such a bar to change as that which now exists in the universal fruitlessness which is the result of all known mixtures of animals specifically distinct. Mr. Darwin labors hard here, but his utmost success is to reveal a very few instances from the vegetable world, with its shadowy image of the procreative animal system, as exceptions to the universal rule. As to animals, he is compelled by the plainness of the testimony against him to admit that he "doubts whether any case of a perfectly fertile hybrid animal can be considered as thoroughly well authenticated" (p. 252); and his best attempts to get rid of this evidence are such suggestions as that "the common and the true ring-necked pheasant intercross" (p. 253), though every breeder of game could tell him that, so far from there being the slightest ground for considering these as distinct species, all experience shows that the ring-neck almost uniformly appears

where the common pheasant's eggs are hatched under the domestic hen. How then does Mr. Darwin dispose of this apparently impassable barrier of nature against the transmutation-theory? He urges that it depends not upon any great law of life, but mainly, first, on the early death of the embryo, or, secondly, upon "the common imperfection of the reproductive system" in the male offspring. How he considers this to be any answer to the difficulty it is beyond our power to conceive. We can hardly imagine any clearer way of stating the mode in which an universal law, if it existed, must act, than that in which he describes it, to disprove its existence. But, besides this, other and insuperable difficulties beset this whole speculation. To one of these Mr. Darwin alludes (pp. 192, 193), and dismisses it with a most suspicious brevity. "The electric organs of fishes," he says, "offer another case of special difficulty," and he places as "a parallel case of difficulty the presence of luminous organs in a few insects belonging to different families and orders.

We see no possible solution on the Darwinian theory for the presence at once so marked and so exceptional of these organs. And how are they dealt with? Surely in a mode most unsatisfactory by one promulgating a new theory of creation; for scarcely admitting that their presence is little else than destructive of his theory, Mr. Darwin simply remarks "that we are too ignorant to argue that no transmutation of any kind is possible," a solution which could of course equally make the scheme it is intended to serve compatible with any other contradiction.

It is the more important to notice this, because there is another large class of cases in which the same difficulty is present, and as to which Mr. Darwin suggests no solution. We allude to those animals which, like many snakes, possess special organs for secreting venom and for discharging it at their own proper volition. The whole set of glands, ducts, and other vessels employed for this purpose are, as any instructed comparative anatomist would tell him, so entirely separate from the ordinary laws of animal life and peculiar to themselves, that the derivation of these by any natural modification from progenitors which did not possess them would be a marvellous contradiction of all laws of descent with which we are familiar. And this special and unnoticed difficulty leads us on to another of still wider extent. Most of our readers know that the stomachs and whole digestive system of the carnivori are constructed upon a wholly different type from those of the graminivorous animals. Yet whence this difference, if these diverse constructions can claim a common origin?

Can any permutationist pretend that experience gives us any reason for believing that any change of food, however unnatural or forced, ever has changed or ever could change the one type into the other? Yet that diversity prevades the whole being of the separated classes. It does not affect only their outward forms, as to which the merest accidents of color or of hair may veil real resemblance under seeming difference, but it pervades the nervous system, the organs of reproduction, the stomach, the alimentary canal; nay, in every blood-corpuscle which circulates through their arteries and veins it is universally present and perpetually active.

Where, then, in the most allied forms, was the earliest commencement of diversity? or what advantage of life could alter the shape of the corpuscles into which the blood can be evaporated?

We come then to these conclusions. All the facts presented to us in the natural world tend to show that none of the variations produced in the fixed forms of animal life, when seen in its most plastic condition under domestication, give any promise of a true transmutation of species; first, from the difficulty of accumulating and fixing variations within the same species; secondly, from the fact that these variations, though most serviceable for man, have no tendency to improve the individual beyond the standard of his own specific type, and so to afford matter, even if they were infinitely produced, for the supposed power of natural selection on which to work; whilst all variations from the mixture of species are barred by the inexorable law of hybrid sterility. Further, the embalmed records of three thousand years show that there has been no beginning of transmutation in the species of our most familiar domesticated animals; and beyond this, that in the countless tribes of animal life around us, down to its lowest and most variable species, no one has ever discovered a single instance of such transmutation being now in prospect; no new organ has ever been known to be developed—no new natural instinct to be formed—whilst, finally, in the vast museum of departed animal life which the strata of the earth imbed for our examination, whilst they contain far too complete a representation of the past to be set aside as a mere imperfect record, yet afford no one instance of any such change as having ever been in progress, or give us anywhere the missing links of the assumed chain, or the remains which would enable now existing variations, by gradual approximations, to shade off into unity.

On what then is the new theory based? We say it with unfeigned regret, in dealing with such a man as Mr. Darwin, on the

merest hypothesis, supported by the most unbounded assumptions. These are strong words, but we will give a few instances to prove their truth:—

"All physiologists admit that the swim-bladder is homologous or 'ideally similar' in position and structure with the lungs of the higher vertebrate animals; hence there seems to me to be no great difficulty in believing that natural selection has actually converted a swim-bladder into a lung, or organ used exclusively for respiration."—P. 191.

"I can indeed hardly doubt that all vertebrate animals having true lungs have descended by ordinary generation from the ancient prototype, of which we know nothing, furnished with a floating apparatus or swim-bladder."—P. 191.

We must be cautious

"In concluding that the most different habits of all could not graduate into each other; that a bat, for instance, could not have been formed by natural selection from an animal which at first could only glide through the air."—P. 204.

Again:—

"I see no difficulty in supposing that such links formerly existed, and that each had been formed by the same steps as in the case of the less perfectly gliding squirrels, and that each grade of structure was useful to its possessor. Nor can I see any insuperable difficulty in further believing it possible that the membrane-connected fingers and forearm of the galeopithecus might be greatly lengthened by natural selection, and this, as far as the organs of flight are concerned, would convert it into a bat."—P. 181.

"For instance, a swim-bladder has apparently been converted into an air-breathing lung."—P. 204.

And again:—

"The electric organs of fishes offer another case of special difficulty. It is impossible to conceive by what steps these wondrous organs have been produced; but, as Owen and others have remarked, their intimate structure closely resembles that of common muscles; and as it has lately been shown that rays have an organ closely analogous to the electric apparatus, and yet do not, as Matteucci asserts, discharge any electricity, we must own that we are far too ignorant to argue that no transition of any kind is possible."—Pp. 192-3.

Sometimes Mr. Darwin seems for a moment to recoil himself from this extravagant liberty of speculation, as when he says, concerning the eye,—

"To suppose that the eye, with its inimitable contrivances for adjusting the focus to different distances, for admitting different amounts of light, and for the correction of spherical and chromatic aberration, could have been formed by natural selection, seems, I freely confess, absurd in the highest possible degree."—P. 186.

But he soon returns to his new wantonness of conjecture, and without the shadow of a fact, contents himself with saying that—

"he suspects that any sensitive nerve may be rendered sensitive to light, and likewise to those coarser vibrations of the air which produce sound."—P. 187.

And in the following passage he carries this extravagance to the highest pitch, requiring a license for advancing as true any theory which cannot be demonstrated to be actually impossible:—

"If it could be demonstrated that any complex organ existed, which could not possibly have been formed by numerous, successive, slight modifications, my theory would absolutely break down. But I can find no such case."—P. 189.

Another of these assumptions is not a little remarkable. It suits the argument to deduce all our known varieties of pigeon from the rock-pigeon (the *Columba livia*), and this parentage is traced out, though not, we think, to demonstration, yet with great ingenuity and patience. But another branch of the argument would be greatly strengthened by establishing the descent of our various breeds of dogs with their perfect power of fertile interbreeding from different natural species. And accordingly, though every fact as to the canine race is parallel to the facts which have been used before to establish the common parentage of the pigeons in *Columba livia*, all these are thrown over in a moment, and Mr. Darwin, first assuming, without the shadow of proof, that our domestic breeds are descended from different species, proceeds calmly to argue from this, as though it were a demonstrated certainty.

"It seems to me unlikely in the case of the dog-genus, which is distributed in a wild state throughout the world, that since man first appeared one species alone should have been domesticated."—P. 18.

"In some cases I do not doubt that the intercrossing of species aboriginally distinct has played an important part in the origin of our domestic productions."—P. 43.

What new words are these for a loyal disciple of the true Baconian philosophy?—"I can conceive"—"It is not incredible"—"I do not doubt"—"It is conceivable."

"For myself, I ventured confidently to look back thousands on thousands of generations, and I see an animal striped like a zebra, but perhaps otherwise very differently constructed, the common parent of our domestic horse, whether or not it be descended from one or more wild stocks of the ass, heminus, quagga, or zebra."—P. 167.

In the name of all true philosophy we protest equally against such a mode of dealing

with nature, as utterly dishonorable to all natural science, as reducing it from its present lofty level as one of the noblest trainers of man's intellect and instructors of his mind, to being a mere idle play of the fancy, without the basis of fact or the discipline of observation. In the "Arabian Nights" we are not offended as at an impossibility when Amina sprinkles her husband with water and transforms him into a dog, but we cannot open the august doors of the venerable temple of scientific truth to the genii and magicians of romance. We plead guilty to Mr. Darwin's imputation that

"the chief cause of our natural unwillingness to admit that one species has given birth to other and distinct species is that we are always slow in admitting any great change of which we do not see the intermediate steps."—P. 481.

In this tardiness to admit great changes suggested by the imagination, but the steps of which we cannot see, is the true spirit of philosophy.

"Analysis," says Professor Sedgwick, "consists in making experiments and observations, and in drawing general conclusions from them by induction, and admitting of no objections against the conclusions but such as are taken from experiments or other certain truths; for hypotheses are not to be regarded in experimental philosophy."*

The other solvent which Mr. Darwin most freely and, we think, unphilosophically employs to get rid of difficulties, is his use of time. This he shortens or prolongs at will by the mere wave of his magician's rod. Thus the duration of whole epochs, during which certain forms of animal life prevailed, is gathered up into a point, whilst an unlimited expanse of years, impressing his mind with a sense of eternity, is suddenly interposed between that and the next series, though geology proclaims the transition to have been one of gentle and, it may be, swift accomplishment. All this too is made the more startling because it is used to meet the objections drawn from facts. "We see none of your works," says the observer of nature; "we see no beginnings of the portentous change; we see plainly beings of another order in creation, but we find amongst them no tendencies to these altered organisms." "True," says the great magician, with a calmness no difficulty derived from the obstinacy of facts can disturb; "true, but remember the effect of time. Throw in a few hundreds of millions of years more or less, and why should not all these changes be possible, and, if possible, why may I not assume them to be real?"

* "A Discourse on the Studies of the University," by A. Sedgwick, p. 102.

Together with this large license of assumption we notice in this book several instances of receiving as facts whatever seems to bear out the theory upon the slightest evidence, and rejecting summarily others, merely because they are fatal to it. We grieve to charge upon Mr. Darwin this freedom in handling facts, but truth extorts it from us. That the loose statements and unfounded speculations of this book should come from the author of the monographs on Cirripedes, and the writer, in the natural history of the voyage of the "Beagle," of the paper on the coral reefs, is indeed a sad warning how far the love of a theory may seduce even a first-rate naturalist from the very articles of his creed.

This treatment of facts is followed up by another favorite line of argument, namely, that by this hypothesis difficulties otherwise inextricable are solved. Such passages abound. Take a few, selected almost at random, to illustrate what we mean:—

"How inexplicable are these facts on the ordinary view of creation!"—P. 436.

"Such facts as the presence of peculiar species of bats and the absence of other mammals on oceanic islands are utterly inexplicable on the theory of independent acts of creation."—Pp. 477-8.

"It must be admitted that these facts receive no explanation on the theory of creation."—P. 478.

"The inhabitants of the Cape de Verde Islands are related to those of Africa, like those of the Galapagos to America. I believe this grand fact can receive no sort of explanation on the ordinary view of independent creation."—Pp. 398-9.

Now what can be more simply reconcilable with that theory than Mr. Darwin's own account of the mode in which the migration of animal life from one distant region to another is continually accomplished?

Take another of these suggestions:—

"It is inexplicable, on the theory of creation, why a part developed in a very unusual manner in any one species of a genus, and therefore, as we may naturally infer, of great importance to the species, should be eminently liable to variation."—P. 474.

Why "inexplicable"? Such a liability to variation might most naturally be expected in the part "unusually developed," because unusual development is of the nature of a monstrosity, and monsters are always tending to relapse into likeness to the normal type. Yet this argument is one on which he mainly relies to establish his theory, for he sums all up in this triumphant inference:—

"I cannot believe that a false theory would

explain, as it seems to me that the theory of natural selection does explain, the several large classes of facts above specified."—P. 480.

Now, as to all this, we deny, first, that many of these difficulties are "inexplicable on any other supposition." Of the greatest of them (128, 194) we shall have to speak before we conclude. We will here touch only on one of those which are continually reappearing in Mr. Darwin's pages, in order to illustrate his mode of dealing with them. He finds, then, one of these "inexplicable difficulties" in the fact, that the young of the blackbird, instead of resembling the adult in the color of its plumage, is like the young of many other birds spotted, and triumphantly declaring that—

"No one will suppose that the stripes on the whelp of a lion, or the spots on the young blackbird, are of any use to these animals, or are related to the conditions to which they are exposed."—Pp. 439-40—

he draws from them one of his strongest arguments for this alleged community of descent. Yet what is more certain to every observant field naturalist than that this alleged uselessness of coloring is one of the greatest protections to the young bird, imperfect in its flight, perching on every spray, sitting unwarily on every bush through which the rays of sunshine dapple every bough to the color of its own plumage, and so give it a facility of escape which it would utterly want if it bore the marked and prominent colors, the beauty of which the adult bird needs to recommend him to his mate, and can safely bear with his increased habits of vigilance and power of wing?

But, secondly, as to many of these difficulties, the alleged solving of which is one great proof of the truth of Mr. Darwin's theory, we are compelled to join issue with him on another ground, and deny that he gives us any solution at all. Thus, for instance, Mr. Darwin builds a most ingenious argument on the tendency of the young of the horse, ass, zebra, and quagga, to bear on their shoulder and on their legs certain barred stripes. Up these bars (bars sinister, as we think, as to any true descent of existing animals from their fancied prototype) he mounts through his "thousands and thousands of generations," to the existence of his "common parent, otherwise perhaps very differently constructed, but striped like a zebra." (P. 67.) "How inexplicable," he exclaims, "on the theory of creation, is the occasional appearance of stripes on the shoulder and legs of several species of the horse genus and in their hybrids!" (P. 473.) He tells us that to suppose that each species was created with a tendency "like this, is to

make the works of God a mere mockery and deception;" and he satisfies himself that all difficulty is gone when he refers the stripes to his hypothetical thousands on thousands of years removed progenitor. But how is his difficulty really affected? for why is the striping of one species a less real difficulty than the striping of many?

Another instance of this want of fairness, to which we must call the attention of our readers, because it too often recurs, is contained in the following question:—

"Were all the infinitely numerous kinds of animals and plants created as eggs, or seed, or as full grown? and, in the case of mammals, were they created bearing the false marks of nourishment from the mother's womb?"—P. 483.

The difficulty here glanced at is extreme, but it is one for the solution of which the transmutation theory gives no clue. It is inherent in the idea of the creation of beings, which are to reproduce their like by natural succession; for, in such a world, place the first beginning where you will, that beginning *must* contain the apparent history of a *past*, which existed only in the mind of the Creator. If, with Mr. Darwin, to escape the difficulty of supposing the first man at his creation to possess in that framework of his body "false marks of nourishment from his mother's womb," with Mr. Darwin you consider him to have been an improved ape, you only carry the difficulty up from the first man to the first ape; if, with Mr. Darwin, in violation of all observation, you break the barrier between the classes of vegetable and animal life, and suppose every animal to be an "improved" vegetable, you do but carry your difficulty with you into the vegetable world; for, how could there be seeds if there had been no plants to seed them? and if you carry up your thoughts through the vista of the Darwinian eternity up to the primæval fungus, still the primæval fungus must have had humus, from which to draw into its venerable vessels the nourishment of its archetypal existence, and that humus must itself be a "false mark" of a pre-existing vegetation.

We have dwelt a little upon this, because it is by such seeming solutions of difficulties as that which this passage supplies that the transmutationist endeavors to prop up his utterly rotten fabric of guess and speculation.

There are no parts of Mr. Darwin's ingenious book in which he gives the reins more completely to his fancy than where he deals with the improvement of instinct by his principle of natural selection. We need but instance his assumption, without a fact

on which to build it, that the marvellous skill of the honey-bee in constructing its cells is thus obtained, and the slave-making habits of the Formica Polyerges thus formed. There seems to be no limit here to the exuberance of his fancy, and we cannot but think that we detect one of those hints by which Mr. Darwin indicates the application of his system from the lower animals to man himself, when he dwells so pointedly upon the fact that it is always the *black* ant which is enslaved by his other colored and more fortunate brethren. "The slaves are black!" We believe that, if we had Mr. Darwin in the witness-box, and could subject him to a moderate cross-examination, we should find that he believed that the tendency of the lighter colored races of mankind to prosecute the negro slave-trade was really a remains, in their more favored condition, of the "extraordinary and odious instinct" which had possessed them before they had been "improved by natural selection" from Formica Polyerges into Homo. This at least is very much the way in which (p. 479) he slips in quite incidentally the true identity of man with the horse, the bat, and the porpoise:—

"The framework of bones being the same in the hand of a man, wing of a bat, fin of a porpoise, and leg of a horse, the same number of vertebrae forming the neck of the giraffe and of the elephant, and innumerable other such facts, at once explain themselves on the theory of descent with slow and slight successive modifications."—P. 479.

Such assumptions as these, we once more repeat, are most dishonorable and injurious to science; and though, out of respect to Mr. Darwin's high character and to the tone of his work, we have felt it right to weigh the "argument" again set by him before us in the simple scales of logical examination, yet we must remind him that the view is not a new one, and that it has already been treated with admirable humor when propounded by another of his name and of his lineage. We do not think that, with all his matchless ingenuity, Mr. Darwin has found any instance which so well illustrates his own theory of the improved descendant under the elevating influences of natural selection exterminating the progenitor whose specialities he has exaggerated as he himself affords us in this work. For if we go back two generations we find the ingenious grand-sire of the author of the "Origin of Species" speculating on the same subject, and almost in the same manner with his more daring descendant. Speaking of the delicate organs of his favorite plants, Dr. Darwin tells us:—

"They now acquire blood more oxygenated

by the air; obtain the passion and power of reproduction; are sensible to heat, and cold, and moisture; and become in reality insects fed with honey. . . . I am acquainted with a philosopher, who, contemplating this subject, thinks it *not impossible*" [we beg our readers to notice the exact phrase on which we have had so often to remark in the younger Darwin] "that the first insects were the anthers or stigmas of flowers, which had by some means loosed themselves from their parent-plant; and that many other insects have gradually, in long process of time" [again we beg special attention to the remarkable foreshadowing of the gradual long-time development of the younger Darwin], "been formed from these; some acquiring wings, others fins, and others claws" [like Mr. Darwin's bats, and fly-catching bears, and crabs], "from their ceaseless efforts to procure their food, or to secure themselves from injury. . . . The anthers and stigmas are therefore separate beings."*

Many of our readers will remember the humor with which Frere and Canning, in the "Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin," exposed these philosophical arguments of the last generation. But their illustrations of the system apply so admirably to some of the speculations of our present volume, that we cannot forbear from quoting a few of them:—

"Query, whether a practical application of this theory would not enable us to account for the genesis or original formation of space itself, in the same manner in which Dr. Darwin has traced the whole of organized creation to his six filaments? We may conceive the whole of our present universe to have been originally concentrated in a single point; we may conceive this primæval point, or punctum saliens of the universe, evolving itself by its own energies, to have moved forward in a right line, *ad infinitum*, till it grew tired; after which the right line which it had generated would begin to put itself in motion in a lateral direction, describing an area of infinite extent. This area, as soon as it became conscious of its own existence, would begin to ascend or descend according as its specific gravity would determine it, forming an immense solid space filled with vacuum, and capable of containing the present universe. Space being thus obtained, and presenting a suitable nidus or receptacle for the accumulation of chaotic matter, an immense deposit of it would be gradually accumulated; after which the filament of fire being produced in the chaotic mass by an idiosyncrasy or self-formed habit analogous to fermentation, explosion would take place, suns would be shot from the central chaos, planets from suns, and satellites from planets. In this state of things the filament of organization would begin to exert itself in those independent masses which in proportion to their bulk exposed the greatest surface to light and heat. This filament, *after an infinite series of ages* [the Dawinian eternity], would begin to *ramify*, and its oviparous offspring would diver-

* Additional note xxxix. to Darwin's "Botanic Garden."

sify their former habits, so as to accommodate themselves to the various incunabula which nature had prepared for them' [natural selection, that is to say, in our more modern phrasology, would now be basily at work]. 'Upon this view of things it seems highly probable that the first efforts of nature terminated in the production of vegetables, and that these, being abandoned to their own *energies*' [or to the struggle for life], 'by degrees detached themselves from the surface of the earth, and supplied themselves with wings and feet, according as their different propensities determined them in favor of aerial and terrestrial existence; and thus, by an inherent disposition to society and civilization, and by a stronger effort of volition, became men. These in time would restrict themselves to the use of their *hind feet*: their *tails* would gradually rub off by sitting in their caves and huts as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state.'

Mr. Darwin would relieve them of their tails by the simple expedient of disuse, but he would eminently agree with the next suggestion of the Antijacobin writers who suggest that,—"Meanwhile the Fuci and Alge, with the Corallines and Madrepores, would transform themselves into fish, and would gradually populate all the submarine portion of the globe."*

Our readers will not have failed to notice that we have objected to the views with which we have been dealing solely on scientific grounds. We have done so from our fixed conviction that it is thus that the truth or falsehood of such arguments should be tried. We have no sympathy with those who object to any facts or alleged facts in nature, or to any inference logically deduced from them, because they believe them to contradict what it appears to them is taught by Revelation. We think that all such objections savor of a timidity which is really inconsistent with a firm and well-instructed faith:—

"Let us for a moment," profoundly remarks Professor Sedgwick, "suppose that there are some religious difficulties in the conclusions of geology. How, then, are we to solve them? Not by making a world after a pattern of our own—not by shifting and shuffling the solid strata of the earth, and then dealing them out in such a way as to play the game of an ignorant or dishonest hypothesis—not by shutting our eyes to facts, or denying the evidence of our senses—but by patient investigation, carried on in the sincere love of truth, and by learning to reject every consequence not warranted by physical evidence."†

He who is as sure as he is of his own existence that the God of Truth is at once the

God of Nature and the God of Revelation, cannot believe it to be possible that his voice in either, rightly understood, can differ, or deceive his creatures. To oppose facts in the natural world because they seem to oppose revelation, or to humor them so as to compel them to speak its voice, is, he knows, but another form of the ever-ready feeble-minded dishonesty of lying for God, and trying by fraud or falsehood to do the work of the God of truth. It is with another and a nobler spirit that the true believer walks amongst the works of nature. The words graven on the everlasting rocks are the words of God, and they are graven by his hand. No more can they contradict his word written in his book, than could the words of the old covenant graven by his hand on the stony tables contradict the writings of his hand in the volume of the new dispensation. There may be to man difficulty in reconciling all the utterances of the two voices. But what of that? He has learned already that here he knows only in part, and that the day of reconciling all apparent contradictions between what must agree is nigh at hand. He rests his mind in perfect quietness on this assurance, and rejoices in the gift of light without a misgiving as to what it may discover:—

"A man of deep thought and great practical wisdom," says Sedgwick,* "one whose piety and benevolence have for many years been shining before the world, and of whose sincerity no scoffer (of whatever school) will dare to start a doubt, recorded his opinion in the great assembly of the men of science who during the past year were gathered from every corner of the empire within the walls of this university, 'that Christianity had every thing to hope and nothing to fear from the advancement of philosophy.'"[†]

This is as truly the spirit of Christianity as it is that of philosophy. Few things have more deeply injured the cause of religion than the busy fussy energy with which men, narrow and feeble alike in faith and in science, have bustled forth to reconcile all new discoveries in physics with the word of inspiration. For it continually happens that some larger collection of facts, or some wider view of the phenomena of nature, alter the whole philosophic scheme; whilst revelation has been committed to declare an absolute agreement with what turns out after all to have been a misconception or an error. We cannot, therefore, consent to test the truth of natural science by the word of rev-

* "A Discourse on the Studies of the University," p. 153.

* "Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin," p. 110.

† Speech of Dr. Chalmers at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, June, 1833.

elation. But this does not make it the less important to point out on scientific grounds scientific errors, when those errors tend to limit God's glory in creation, or to gainsay the revealed relations of that creation to himself. To both these classes of error, though, we doubt not, quite unintentionally on his part, we think that Mr. Darwin's speculations directly tend.

Mr. Darwin writes as a Christian, and we doubt not that he is one. We do not for a moment believe him to be one of those who retain in some corner of their hearts a secret unbelief which they dare not vent; and we therefore pray him to consider well the grounds on which we brand his speculations with the charge of such a tendency. First, then, he not obscurely declares that he applies his scheme of the action of the principle of natural selection to MAN himself, as well as to the animals around him. Now, we must say at once, and openly, that such a notion is absolutely incompatible not only with single expressions in the word of God on that subject of natural science with which it is not immediately concerned, but, which in our judgment is of far more importance, with the whole representation of that moral and spiritual condition of man which is its proper subject-matter. Man's derived supremacy over the earth; man's power of articulate speech; man's gift of reason; man's free-will and responsibility; man's fall and man's redemption; the incarnation of the eternal son; the indwelling of the eternal spirit,—all are equally and utterly irreconcilable with the degrading notion of the brute origin of him who was created in the image of God, and redeemed by the eternal son assuming to himself his nature. Equally inconsistent, too, not with any passing expressions, but with the whole scheme of God's dealings with man as recorded in his word, is Mr. Darwin's daring notion of man's further development into some unknown extent of powers, and shape, and size, through natural selection acting through that long vista of ages which he casts mistily over the earth upon the most favored individuals of his species. We care not in these pages to push the argument further. We have done enough for our purpose in thus succinctly intimating its course. If any of our readers doubt what must be the result of such speculations carried to their logical and legitimate conclusion, let them turn to the pages of Oken, and see for themselves the end of that path the opening of which is decked out in these pages with the bright hues and seemingly innocent deductions of the transmutation-theory.

Nor can we doubt, secondly, that this view, which thus contradicts the revealed

relation of creation to its Creator, is equally inconsistent with the fulness of his glory. It is, in truth, an ingenious theory for diffusing throughout creation the working and so the personality of the Creator. And thus, however unconsciously to him who holds them, such views really tend inevitably to banish from the mind most of the peculiar attributes of the Almighty.

How, asks Mr. Darwin, can we possibly account for the manifest plan, order, and arrangement which pervade creation, except we allow to it this self-developing power through modified descent?

"As Milne-Edwards has well expressed it, nature is prodigal in variety, but niggard in innovation. Why, on the theory of creation, should this be so? Why should all the parts and organs of many independent beings, each supposed to have been separately created for its proper place in nature, be so commonly linked together by graduated steps? Why should not nature have taken a leap from structure to structure?" —P. 194.

And again:—

"It is a truly wonderful fact—the wonder of which we are apt to overlook from familiarity—that all animals and plants throughout all time and space should be related to each other in group subordinate to group, in the manner which we everywhere behold, namely, varieties of the same species most closely related together, species of the same genus less closely and unequally related together, forming sections and sub-genera, species of distinct genera much less closely related, and genera related in different degrees, forming sub-families, families, orders, sub-classes, and classes."—Pp. 128-9.

How can we account for all this? By the simplest and yet the most comprehensive answer. By declaring the stupendous fact that all creation is the transcript in matter of ideas eternally existing in the mind of the Most High—that order in the utmost perfectness of its relation pervades his works, because it exists as in its centre and highest fountain-head in him the Lord of all. Here is the true account of the fact which has so utterly misled shallow observers, that man himself, the prince and head of this creation, passes in the earlier stages of his being through phases of existence closely analogous, so far as his earthly tabernacle is concerned, to those in which the lower animals ever remain. At that point of being the development of the protozoa is arrested. Through it the embryo of their chief passes to the perfection of his earthly frame. But the types of those lower forms of being must be found in the animals which never advance beyond them—not in man for whom they are but the foundation for an after-development; whilst he too, Creation's crown and perfec-

tion, thus bears witness in his own frame to the law of order which pervades the universe.

In like manner could we answer every other question as to which Mr. Darwin thinks all oracles are dumb unless they speak his speculation. He is, for instance, more than once troubled by what he considers imperfections in nature's work. "If," he says, "our reason leads us to admire with enthusiasm a multitude of inimitable contrivances in nature, this same reason tells us that some other contrivances are less perfect."

"Nor ought we to marvel if all the contrivances in nature be not, as far as we can judge, absolutely perfect; and if some of them be abhorrent to our idea of fitness. We need not marvel at the sting of the bee causing the bee's own death; at drones being produced in such vast numbers for one single act, with the great majority slaughtered by their sterile sisters; at the astonishing waste of pollen by our fir-trees; at the instinctive hatred of the queen-bee for her own fertile daughters; at ichneumonidæ feeding within the live bodies of caterpillars; and at other such cases. The wonder indeed is, on the theory of natural selection, that more cases of the want of absolute perfection have not been observed."—P. 472.

We think that the real temper of this whole speculation as to nature itself may be read in these few lines. It is a dishonoring view of nature.

That reverence for the work of God's hands with which a true belief in the All-wise Worker fills the believer's heart is at the root of all great physical discovery; it is the basis of philosophy. He who would see the venerable features of nature must not seek with the rudeness of a licensed roysterer violently to unmask her countenance; but must wait as a learner for her willing unveiling. There was more of the true temper of philosophy in the poetic fiction of the Pan-ic shriek, than in the atheistic speculations of Lucretius. But this temper must beset those who do in effect banish God from nature. And so Mr. Darwin not only finds in it these bungling contrivances which his own greater skill could amend, but he stands aghast before its mightier phenomena. The presence of death and famine seems to him inconceivable on the ordinary idea of creation; and he looks almost aghast at them until reconciled to their presence by his own theory that "a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and as a consequence to natural selection entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less improved forms, is decidedly followed by the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher an-

imals."—P. 490. But we can give him a simpler solution still for the presence of these strange forms of imperfection and suffering amongst the works of God.

We can tell him of the strong shudder which ran through all this world when its Head and Ruler fell. When he asks concerning the infinite variety of these multiplied works which are set in such an orderly unity, and run up into man as their reasonable head, we can tell him of the exuberance of God's goodness and remind him of the deep philosophy which lies in those simple words—"All thy works praise Thee, O God, and thy saints give thanks unto thee." For it is one office of redeemed man to collect the inarticulate praises of the material creation, and pay them with conscious homage into the treasury of the supreme Lord. Surely the philosophy which penned the following glorious words is just as much truer to nature as it is to revelation than all these speculations of the transmutationist. Having shown, from a careful osteological examination of his structure, from his geographical distribution, from the differences and agreements of the several specimens of the human family, and from the changes which step by step we can trace wrought by domestication and variation in the lower animals, that man is not and cannot be an improved ape, Professor Owen adds:—

"The unity of the human species is demonstrated by the constancy of those osteological and dental characters to which the attention is more particularly directed in the investigation of the corresponding characters of the higher quadrumana. Man is the sole species of his genus, the sole representative of his order and subclass. Thus I trust has been furnished the confutation of the notion of a transformation of the ape into the man, which appears from a favorite old author to have been entertained by some in his day:—

"And of a truth, vile epicurism and sensuality will make the soul of man so degenerate and blind, that he will not only be content to slide into brutish immorality, but please himself in this very opinion that he is a real brute already, an ape, satyr, or baboon; and that the best of men are no better, saving that civilizing of them and industrious education has made them appear in a more refined shape, and long inculcated precepts have been mistaken for connate principles of honesty and natural knowledge; otherwise there be no indispensable grounds of religion and virtue but what has happened to be taken up by over-ruling custom, which things, I dare say, are as easily confutable as any conclusion in mathematics is demonstrable. But as many as are thus sottish, let them enjoy their own wildness and ignorance; it is sufficient for a good man that he is conscious unto himself that he is more nobly descended, better bred and born, and more skilfully taught by the purged

faculties of his own mind."—*Owen's Classification of Mammals*, p. 153.

And he draws these truly philosophical views to this noble conclusion.

"Such are the denominating powers with which we, and we alone, are gifted! I say gifted, for the surpassing organization was no work of ours. It is He that hath made us, not we ourselves. This frame is a temporary trust, for the use of which we are responsible to the Maker. O! you who possess it in all the supple vigor of lusty youth, think well what it is that He has committed to your keeping. Waste not its energies; dull them not by sloth; spoil them not by pleasures!

"The supreme work of creation has been accomplished that you might possess a body—the sole erect—of all animal bodies the most free—and for what? for the service of the soul.

"Strive to realize the conditions of this wondrous structure. Think what it may become—the Temple of the Holy Spirit!

"Defile it not. Seek rather to adorn it with all meet and becoming gifts, with that fair furniture, moral and intellectual, which it is your inestimable privilege to acquire through the teachings and examples and ministrations of this seat of sound learning and religious education."—P. 50.

Equally startling is the contrast between the flighty anticipations of the future in which Mr. Darwin indulges, and the sober philosophy with which Owen restrains the flight of his own more soaring imagination:—

"In the distant future I see," says Darwin, "open fields for far more important researches. Psychology will be based on a new foundation—that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation. Light will be thrown on the origin of man and his history."—Pp. 488, 489.

"Judging from the past, we may safely infer that not one living species will transmit its unaltered likeness to a distant futurity, and of the species now living very few will transmit progeny to a far-distant futurity. . . . We may look with some confidence to a secure future of equally inappreciable length. And as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection."—P. 489.

"There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, and having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved!"—P. 490.

Surely there is a far grander tone of vaticination about these words of caution from a far greater philosopher:—

* Henry More's "Conjectura Cabbalistica," fol. (1662), p. 175.

"As to the successions or coming in of new species, one might speculate on the gradual modifiability of the individual; on the tendency of certain varieties to survive local changes, and thus progressively diverge from an older type; on the production and fertility of monstrous offspring; on the possibility, e.g. of a variety of auk being occasionally hatched with a somewhat longer winglet and a dwarfed stature; on the probability of such a variety better adapting itself to the changing climate or other conditions than the old type; of such an origin of *Alca torda*, e.g.;—but to what purpose? Past experience of the chance-aims of human fancy, unchecked and unguided by observed facts, shows how widely they have ever glanced away from the gold centre of truth."—*Owen on the Classification of Mammalia*, p. 58.

"Turning from a retrospect into past time for the prospect of time to come . . . I may crave indulgence for a few words. . . . There seems to have been a time when life was not; there may, therefore, be a period when it will cease to be. . . . The end of the world has been presented to man's mind under diverse aspects;—as a general conflagration; as the same, preceded by a millennial exaltation of the world to a paradisaical state, the abode of a higher and blessed state of intelligences. If the guidepost of palæontology may seem to point to a course ascending to the condition of the latter speculation, it points but a very short way, and on leaving it we find ourselves in a wilderness of conjecture, where to try to advance is to find ourselves 'in wandering mazes lost.'"—P. 61.

It is by putting such a restraint upon fancy that science is made the true trainer of our intellect:—

"A study of the Newtonian philosophy," says Sedgwick, "as affecting our moral powers and capacities, does not terminate in mere negations. It teaches us to see the finger of God in all things animate and inanimate, and gives us an exalted conception of His attributes, placing before us the clearest proof of their reality; and so prepare, or ought to prepare, the mind for the reception of that higher illumination which brings the rebellious faculties into the obedience to the Divine will."—*Studies of the University*, p. 14.

It is by our deep conviction of the truth and importance of this view for the scientific mind of England that we have been led to treat at so much length Mr. Darwin's speculation. The contrast between the sober, patient, philosophical courage of our home philosophy, and the writings of Lamarck and his followers and predecessors, of MM. De-mailet, Bory de Saint Vincent, Virey, and Oken,* is indeed most wonderful: and it is

* It may be worth while to exhibit to our readers a few of Dr. Oken's postulates or arguments as specimens of his views:—

"I wrote the first edition of 1810 in a kind of inspiration.

"4. Spirit is the motion of mathematical ideas.

"10. Physio-philosophy has to . . . portray the

greatly owing to the noble tone which has been given by those great men whose words we have quoted to the school of British science. That Mr. Darwin should have wandered from this broad highway of nature's works into the jungle of fanciful assumption is no small evil. We trust that he is mistaken in believing that he may count Sir C. Lyell as one of his converts. We know indeed the strength of the temptations which he can bring to bear upon his geological brother. The Lyellian hypothesis, itself not free from some of Mr. Darwin's faults, stands eminently in need for its own support of some new scheme of physical life as that propounded here. Yet no man has been more distinct and more logical in the denial of the transmutation of species than Sir C. Lyell, and that not in the infancy of his scientific life, but in its full vigor and maturity.

Sir C. Lyell devotes the 33d to the 36th chapter of his "Principles of Geology" to an examination of this question. He gives a clear account of the mode in which Lamarck supported his belief of the transmutation of species; he "interrupts the author's argument to observe that no positive fact is cited to exemplify the substitution of some *entirely new* sense, faculty, or organ—because no examples were to be found; and remarks that when Lamarck talks" of "the effects of internal sentiments," ect., as causes whereby animals and plants may acquire *new organs*, he substitutes names for things, and with a disregard to the strict rules of induction resorts to fictions.

He shows the fallacy of Lamarck's reasoning, and by anticipation confutes the whole theory of Mr. Darwin, when gathering clearly up into a few heads the recapitulation of the whole argument in favor of the reality of species in nature. He urges:—

first period of the world's development from nothing; how the elements and heavenly bodies originated; in what method by self-evolution into higher and manifold forms they separated in minerals, became finally organic, and in man attained self-consciousness.

"42. The mathematical monad is eternal.

"43. The eternal is one and the same with the zero of mathematics."

"1. That there is a capacity in all species to accommodate themselves to a certain extent to a change of external circumstances.

"4. The entire variation from the original type . . . may usually be effected in a brief period of time, after which no further deviation can be obtained.

"5. The intermixing distinct species is guarded against by the sterility of the male offspring.

"6. It appears that species have a real existence in nature, and that each was endowed at the time of its creation with the attributes and organization by which it is now distinguished." *

We trust that Sir C. Lyell abides still by these truly philosophical principles; and that with his help and with that of his brethren this flimsy speculation may be as completely put down as was what in spite of all denials we must venture to call its twin though less instructed brother, the "Vestiges of Creation." In so doing they will assuredly provide for the strength and continually growing progress of British science.

Indeed, not only do all laws for the study of nature vanish when the great principle of order pervading and regulating all her processes is given up, but all that imparts the deepest interest in the investigation of her wonders will have departed too. Under such influences man soon goes back to the marvellous stare of childhood at the centaurs and hippogriffs of fancy, or if he is of a philosophic turn he comes like Oken to write a scheme of creation under a "sort of inspiration;" but it is the frenzied inspiration of the inhaler of mephitic gas. The whole world of nature is laid for such a man under a fantastic law of glamour, and he becomes capable of believing any thing: to him it is just as probable that Dr. Livingstone will find the next tribe of negroes with their heads growing under their arms as fixed on the summit of the cervical vertebrae; and he is able, with a continually growing neglect of all the facts around him, with equal confidence and equal delusion, to look back to any past and to look on to any future.

* "Principles of Geology," edit. 1858.

LATIN PUZZLE.—The boys at the school I was at were fond of the following, which I do not recollect having seen in any book:—

"Sæpe cepi cepe sub sepe,"

which spoken quick, appears as one word repeated four times. Also,

"Mus currit in agro sine pedibus suis."

—Notes and Queries.

J. L. P.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING MAN AND HIS DWELLING-PLACE.*

WHEN my friend Smith's drag comes round to his door, as he and I are standing on the steps ready to go out for a drive, how cheerful and frisky the horses look! I think I see them, as I saw them yesterday, coming round from the stable-yard, with their glossy coats and the silver of their harness glancing in the May sunshine, the May sunshine mellowed somewhat by the green reflection of two great leafy trees. They were going out for a journey of twenty miles. They were, in fact, about to begin their day's work, and they knew they were; yet how buoyant and willing they looked! There was not the faintest appearance of any disposition to shrink from their task, as if it were a hard and painful one. No; they were eager to be at it: they were manifestly enjoying the anticipation of the brisk exertion in the midst of which they would be in five minutes longer. And by the time we have got into our places, and have wrapped those great fur robes comfortably about our limbs, the chafing animals have their heads given them; and instantly they fling themselves at their collars, and can hardly be restrained from breaking into a furious gallop. Happy creatures, you enjoy your work; you wish nothing better than to get at it!

And when I have occasionally beheld a ploughman, bricklayer, gardener, weaver, or blacksmith, begin his work in the morning, I have envied him the readiness and willingness with which he took to it. The ploughman, after he has got his horses harnessed to the plough, does not delay a minute: into the turf the shining share enters, and away go horses, plough, and man. It costs the ploughman no effort to make up his mind to begin. He does not stand irresolute, as you and I in childish days have often done when taken down to the sea for our morning dip, and when trying to get courage to take the first plunge under water. And the bricklayer lifts and places the first brick of his daily task just as easily as the last one. The weaver, too, sits down without mental struggle at his loom, and sets off at once. How different is the case with most men whose work is mental; more particularly how different is the case with most men whose work is to write—to spin out their thoughts into compositions for other people to read or to listen to! How such men, for the most part, shrink from their work—put it off as long as may be; and

even when the paper is spread out and the pen all right, and the ink within easy reach, how they keep back from the final plunge! And after they have begun to write, how they dally with their subject; shrink back as long as possible from grappling with its difficulties; twist about and about, talking of many irrelevant matters, before they can summon up resolution to go at the real point they have got to write about! How much unwillingness there is fairly to put the neck to the collar!

Such are my natural reflections, suggested by my personal feelings at this present time. I know perfectly well what I have got to do. I have to write some account, and attempt some appreciation, of a most original, acute, well-expressed, and altogether remarkable book—the book, to wit, which bears the comprehensive title of *Man and his Dwelling-Place*. It is a metaphysical book; it is a startling book; it is a very clever book; and though it is published anonymously, I have heard several acquaintances say, with looks expressive of unheard-of stores of recollective knowledge, that they have reason to believe that it is written by this and that author, whose name is already well known to fame. It may be so, but I did not credit it a bit the more because thus assured of it. In most cases the people who go about dropping hints of how much they know on such subjects, know nothing earthly about the matter; but still the premises (as lawyers would say) make it be felt that the book is a serious one to meddle with. Not that in treating such a volume, plainly containing the careful and deliberate views and reflections of an able and well-informed man, I should venture to assume the dignified tone of superiority peculiar to some reviewers in dissecting works which they could not have written for their lives. There are not a score of men in Britain who would be justified in reviewing such a book as this *de haut en bas*. I intend the humbler task of giving my readers some descriptions of the work, stating its great principle, and arguing certain points with its eminently clever author; and under the circumstances in which this article is written, it discards the dignified and undefined *We*, and adopts the easier and less authoritative first person singular. The work to be done, therefore, is quite apparent: there is no doubt about that. But the writer is most unwilling to begin it. Slowly was the pen taken up; oftentimes was the window looked out of. I am well aware that I shall not settle steadily to my task till I shall have had a preliminary canter, so to speak. Thus have I seen schoolboys, on a warm July day, about to jump from a seawall into the azure depths of ocean. But

* *Man and his Dwelling-Place*; An Essay towards the Interpretation of Nature. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1859.

after their garments were laid aside, and all was ready for the plunge, long time sat they upon the tepid stones, and paddled with idle feet in the water.

How shall I better have that preliminary and moderate exertion which serves to get up the steam, than by talking for a little about the scene around me? Through diamond-shaped panes the sunshine falls into this little chamber; and going to the window you look down upon the tops of tall trees. And it is pleasant to look down upon the tops of tall trees. The usual way of looking at trees, it may be remarked, is from below. But this chamber is high up in the tower of a parish church far in the country. Its furniture is simple as that of the chamber of a certain prophet, who lived long ago. There are some things here, indeed, which he had not; for yesterday's *Times* lies upon the floor drying in the morning sunbeams, and *Fraser's Magazine* for May is on a chair by the window. Why does that incomparable monthly act blisteringly upon the writer's mind? It never did so till May, 1859. Why does he put it for the time out of sight? Why, but because, for once, he has read in that magazine an article—by a very eminent man, too—written in what he thinks a thoroughly mistaken spirit, and setting out views which he thinks to be utterly false and mischievous. Not such, the writer knows well, are the views of his dear friend the editor; not such are the doctrines which *Fraser* teaches to a grateful world. In the latter pages of his review of *Mill on Liberty*, Mr. Buckle spoke solely for himself; he did not express the opinions which this magazine upholds, nor commit for one moment the staff of men who write in it; and, as one insignificant individual who has penned a good many pages of *Fraser*, I beg to express my keen disapprobation of Mr. Buckle's views upon the subject of Christianity. They may be right, but I firmly believe they are wrong; they may be true, but I think them false. I repudiate any share in them: let their author bear their responsibility for himself. Alas, say I, that so able a man should sincerely think (I give him credit for entire sincerity) that man's best refuge and most precious hope is vain delusion! Very jarringly to my mind sound those eloquent periods, so inexpressibly sad and dreary, amid pages penned in many quiet parsonages, by many men who for the truth of Christianity would, God helping them, lay down their lives. So, you May magazine, get meanwhile out of sight: I don't want to think of you. Rather let me stay this impatient throbbing of heart by looking down on the green tops of those great silent trees.

Thick ivy frames this mullioned window,

with its three lance-shaped lights. Seventy feet below, the grassy graves of the churchyard swell like green waves. The white headstones gleam in the sun. Ancient oaks line the lichened wall of the churchyard: their leaves not yet so thick as they will be a month hereafter. Beyond the wall, I see a very verdant field, between two oaks; six or seven white lambs are lying there, or frisking about. The silver gleam of a river bounds the field; and beyond are thick hedges, white with hawthorne blossoms. In the distance there is a great rocky hill, which bounds the horizon. There is not a sound, save when a little flaw of air brushes a twig against the wall some feet below me. The smoke of two or three scattered cottages rises here and there. The sky is very bright blue, with many fleecy clouds. Quiet, quiet! And all this while the omnibus, cabs, carriages, drays, horses, men, are hurrying, sweltering, and fretting along Cheapside!

Man and his dwelling place! Truly a comprehensive subject. For man's dwelling-place is the universe; and remembering this, it is plain that there is not much to be said which might not be said under that title. But, of course, there are sweeping views and opinions which include man and the universe, and which color all beliefs as to details. And the author of this remarkable book has arrived at such a sweeping view. He holds, that whereas we fancy that we are living creatures, and that inanimate nature is inert, or without life, the truth is just the opposite of this fancy. He holds that man wants life, and that his dwelling-place possesses life. We are dead, and the world is living. No doubt it would be easy to laugh at all this; but I can promise the thoughtful reader that, though after reading the book he may still differ from its author, he will not laugh at him. Very moderately informed folk are quite aware of this—that the fact of any doctrine seeming startling at the first mention of it, is no argument whatever against its truth. Some centuries since you could hardly have startled men more than by saying that the earth moves, and the sun stands still. Nay, it is not yet forty years since practical engineers judged George Stephenson mad, for saying that a steam-engine could draw a train of carriages along a railway at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. It is certainly a startling thing to be told that I am dead, and that the distant hill out there is living. The burden of proof rests with the man who propounds the theory; the *prima facie* case is against him. Trees do not read newspapers; hills do not write articles. We must try to fix the author's precise meaning when he speaks of *life*; perhaps he may intend by it something quite

different from that which we understand. And then we must see what he has to say in support of a doctrine which at the first glance seems nothing short of monstrous and absurd.

No: I cannot get on. I cannot forget that *May* magazine that is lying in the corner. I must be thoroughly done with it before I can fix my thoughts upon the work which is to be considered. Mr. Buckle has done a service to my mind, entirely analogous to that which would be done to a locomotive engine by a man who should throw a handful of sand into its polished machinery. I am prepared, from personal experience, to meet with a flat contradiction his statement that a man does you no harm by trying to cast doubt and discredit upon the doctrines you hold most dear. Mr. Buckle, by his article, has done me an injury. It is an injury, irritating but not dangerous. For the large assertions, which if they stated truths, would show that the religion of Christ is a miserable delusion, are unsupported by a tittle of proof: and the general tone in regard to Christianity, though sufficiently hostile, and very eloquently expressed, appears to me uncommonly weak in logic. But as Mr. Buckle's views have been given to the world, with whatever weight may be derived from their publication in this magazine, it is no more than just and necessary that through the same channel there should be conveyed another contributor's strong disavowal of them, and keen protest against them. I do not intend to argue against Mr. Buckle's opinion. This is not the time or place for such an undertaking. And Mr. Buckle, in his article, has not argued but dogmatically asserted, and then called hard names at those who may conscientiously differ from him. Let me suggest to Mr. Buckle that such names can very easily be retorted. Any man who *would* use them, very easily *could*. Mr. Buckle says that any man who would punish by legal means the publication of blasphemous sentiments, should be regarded as a *noxious animal*. It is quite easy for me to say, and possibly to prove, that the man who advocates the free publication of blasphemous sentiments, is a *noxious animal*. So there we are placed on an equal footing; and what progress has been made in the argument of the question in debate? Then Mr. Buckle very strongly disapproves a certain judgment of, as I believe, one of the best judges who ever sat on the English bench: I mean Mr. Justice Coleridge. That judge on one occasion sentenced to imprisonment a poor, ignorant man, convicted of having written certain blasphemous words upon a gate. I am prepared to justify every step that was taken in the prosecution and

punishment of that individual. *That*, however, is not the point at issue. Even supposing that the magistrates who committed, and the judge who sentenced, that miserable wretch, had acted wrongly and unjustly, could not Mr. Buckle suppose that they had acted conscientiously? What right had he to speak of Mr. Justice Coleridge as a "stony-hearted man?" What right had he to say that the judge and the magistrates, in doing what they honestly believed to be right, were "criminals," who had "committed a great crime?" What right had he to say that their motives were "the pride of their power and the wickedness of their hearts?" What right had he to call one of the most admirable men in Britain "this unjust and unrighteous judge?" And where did Mr. Buckle ever see any thing to match the statement, that Mr. Justice Coleridge grasped at the opportunity of persecuting a poor blasphemer in a remote county, where his own wickedness was likely to be overlooked, while he durst not have done as much in the face of the London press? Who will believe that Mr. Justice Coleridge is distinguished for his "cold heart and shallow understanding?" But I feel much more comfortable now, when I have written upon this page that I, as one humble contributor to this magazine, utterly repudiate Mr. Buckle's sentiments with regard to Sir J. T. Coleridge, and heartily condemn the manner in which he has expressed them.

If there be any question which ought to be debated with scrupulous calmness and fairness, it is the question whether it is just that human laws should prevent and punish the publication of views commonly regarded as blasphemous. I deny Mr. Buckle's statement, that all belief is involuntary. I say that in a country like this, every man of education is responsible for his religious belief; but of course responsible only to his Maker. Thus, on totally different grounds from Mr. Buckle, I agree with him in thinking that no human law should interfere with a man's belief. I am not prepared, without much longer thought than I have yet given to the subject, to agree with Mr. Buckle and Mr. Mill, that human law should never interfere with the publication of opinions, no matter how blasphemous they may be esteemed by the great majority of the nation to which they are published. I might probably say that I should not interfere with the publication of any book, however false and mischievous I might regard the religious doctrines it taught, provided the book were written in the interest of truth—provided its author manifestly desired to set out doctrines which he regarded as true and important. But if the book set out blasphemous doctrine

in such a tone and temper as made it evident that the writer's main intention was to irritate and distress those who held the belief regarded as orthodox, I should probably suppress or punish the publication of such a book. Sincere infidelity is a sad thing, with little of the propagandist spirit. Even if it should think that those Christian doctrines which afford so much comfort and support to men are fond delusions, I think its humane feeling would be,—Well, I shall not seek to shatter hopes which I cannot replace. I know that such was the feeling of the most amiable of unbelievers—David Hume. I know how he regularly attended church, anxious that he might not by his example dash in humble minds the belief which tended to make them good and happy, though it was a belief which he could not share. My present notion is, that laws ought to punish coarse and abusive blasphemy. They may let thoughtful and philosophic scepticism alone. It will hardly reach, it will never distress, the masses. But if a blackguard goes up to a parsonage door, and bellows out blasphemous remarks about the Trinity; or if a man who is a blockhead as well as a malicious wretch writes blasphemous words upon a parsonage gate, I cannot for an instant recognize in these men the champions of freedom of religious thought and speech. Even Mr. Buckle cannot think that their purpose is to teach the clergyman important truth. They don't intend to proselytize. Their object is to insult and annoy and shock. And I think it is right to punish them. They are not punished for setting out their peculiar opinions. They are punished for designedly and maliciously injuring their neighbors. Mr. Justice Coleridge punished the blasphemer in Cornwall, not because he held wrong views, not because he expressed wrong views. He might have expressed them in a decent way as long as he liked, and no one would have interfered with him. He was punished because, with malicious and insulting intention, he wrote blasphemous words where he thought they would cause pain and horror. He was punished for that: and rightly. Mr. Buckle seeks to excite sympathy for the man, by mixing up with the question whether or no his crime deserved punishment, the wholly distinct question, whether or no the man was so far sane as to deserve punishment for any crime whatever. These two questions have no connection; and it is unfair to mingle them. The question of the man's sanity or insanity was for the jury to decide. The jury decided that he was so sane as to be responsible. Mr. Buckle's real point is, that however sane the man might have been, it was

wicked to punish him; and I do not hesitate to say, for myself, that looking to the entire circumstances of the case, the magistrates who committed that nuisance of his neighborhood, and the judge who sent him to jail, did no more than their duty.

There are several statements made by Mr. Buckle which must not be regarded as setting forth the teaching of the magazine in which they were made. Mr. Buckle says that no man can be sure that any doctrine is divinely revealed: that whoever says so must be "absurdly and immodestly confident in his own powers." I deny that. Mr. Buckle says that it is part of Christian doctrine that rich men cannot be saved. I deny that. Christ's statement as to the power of worldly possessions to concentrate the affections upon this world, went not an inch further than daily experience goes. What said Samuel Johnson when Garrick showed him his grand house? "Ah, David, these are the things that make death terrible!" Mr. Buckle says that Christianity gained ground in early ages because its doctrines were combated. They were not combated. Its professors were persecuted, which is quite another thing. Mr. Buckle says that the doctrine of Immortality was known to the world before Christianity was heard of, or any other revealed religion. I deny that. Greek and Roman philosophers of the highest class regarded that doctrine as a delusion of the vulgar. Did Mr. Buckle ever read the letter of condolence which Sulpicius wrote to Cicero after the death of Cicero's daughter? A beautiful letter, beautifully expressed; stating many flimsy and wretched reasons for drying one's tears; but containing not a hint of any hope of meeting in another world. And the same may be said of Cicero's reply. As for Mr. Buckle's argument for Immortality, I think it extremely weak and inconclusive. It certainly goes to prove, if it proves any thing, that my cousin Tom, who was lately called to the bar, is quite sure to be lord chancellor; and that Sam Lloyd, who went up from our village last week to a merchant's counting-house in Liverpool, is safe to rival his eminent namesake in wealth. Mr. Buckle's argument is just this: that if your heart is very much set upon a thing, you are perfectly sure to get it. Of course everybody has read the soliloquy in Addison's *Cato*, where Mr. Buckle's argument is set forth. I deem it not worth a rush. Does any man's experience of this life tend to assure him, that because some people (and not all people) would like to see their friends again after they die, therefore they shall? Do things usually turn out just as we particu-

larly wish that they should turn out? Has not many a young girl felt, like Cato, a "secret dread and inward horror" lest the picnic day should be rainy? Did *that* ensure its being fine? Was not I extremely anxious to catch the express train yesterday, and did not I miss it? Does not every child of ten years old know, that this is a world in which things have a wonderful knack of falling out just in the way least wished for? If I were an infidel, I should believe that some spiteful imp of the perverse had the guidance of the affairs of humanity. I know better than *that*: but for my knowledge I have to thank Revelation. But is it philosophical, is it common sense, in a man who rejects Revelation, and who must be guided in his opinions of a future life by the analogy of the present, to argue that because here the issue all but constantly defeats our wishes and hopes, therefore an end on which (as he says) human hearts are very much set shall certainly be attained hereafter? "If the separation were final," says Mr. Buckle, in a most eloquent and pathetic passage, "how could we stand up and live?" Fine feeling, indeed, but impotent logic. When a man has worked hard and accumulated a little competence, and then in age loses it all in some swindling bank, and sees his daughters, tenderly reared, reduced to starvation, I doubt not he may think "How can I live?" but will all this give him his fortune back again? Has not many a youthful heart, crushed down by bitter disappointment, taken up the fancy that surely life would now be impossible; but did the fancy, by the weight of a feather, affect the fact? I remember, indeed, seeing Mr. Buckle's question put with a wider reach of meaning. Poor Uncle Tom, torn from his family, is sailing down the Mississippi, and finding comfort as he reads his well-worn Bible. How could that poor negro weigh the arguments on either side, and be sure that the blessed faith, which was then his only support, was true? With better logic than Mr. Buckle's, he drew his best evidence from his own consciousness. "It fitted him so well: it was so exactly what he needed. It *must* be true, or how could he live?"

Having written all this, I feel that I can now think without distraction of *Man and his Dwelling Place*. I have mildly vented my indignation; and I now, in a moral sense, extend my hand to Mr. Buckle. Had he come up that corkscrew stair an hour or two ago, I am not entirely certain that I might not have taken him by the collar and shaken him. And had I found him standing on a chair in the green behind the church, and indoctrinating my simple parishioners with his peculiar notions, I have an entire con-

viction that I should have forgotten my theoretical assent to the doctrine of religious toleration, and by a gentle hint to my sturdy friends, procured him an invigorating bath in that gleaming river. I have got rid of that feeling now. And although Mr. Buckle is the last man who would find fault with any honest opposition, I yet desire to express my regret if I have written any word that passes the limit of good-natured though sturdy conflict. I respect Mr. Buckle's earnestness and moral courage: I heartily admire his eloquence: I give him credit for entire sincerity in the opinions he holds, though I think them sadly mistaken.

So now for *Man and his Dwelling Place*. Twice already has the writer put his mind at that book, but it has each time swerved, like a middling hunter from a very stiff fence, and taken a circle round the field. Now at last the thing must really be done.

If you, my reader, are desirous of discovering a book which shall entirely knock up your previous view upon all possible subjects, read this *Essay Towards the Interpretation of Nature*. It does, indeed, interpret nature, and man too, in a fashion which, to the best of my knowledge, is thoroughly original. And the book is distinguished not more by originality than by piety, earnestness, and eloquence. Its author is an enthusiastic Christian; and indeed his peculiar views in metaphysics and science are founded upon his interpretation of certain passages in the New Testament. It is from the sacred volume that he derives his theory that man is at present dead. The work appears likely to appeal to a limited circle of readers; it will be understood and appreciated by few. Though its style is clear, the abstruseness of the subjects discussed and the transcendental scope of its author, make the train of thought often difficult to follow. Possibly the fault is not in the book, but in the reader: possibly it may result from the book having been read rapidly and while pressed by many other concerns; but there seems to me a certain want of clearness and sharpness of presentment about it. The great principle maintained is indeed set forth with unmishtakable force; but, it is hard to say how, there appears in details a certain absence of method, and what in Scotland is called a *drumliness* of style. There is a good deal of repetition too; but for *that* one is rather thankful than otherwise; for the great idea of the deadness of man and the life and spirituality of nature grows much better defined, and is grasped more completely and intelligently, as we come upon it over and over again, put in many different ways and with great variety of illustration. It is a humiliating confession for a reviewer to

make, but, to say the truth, I do not know what to make of this book. If its author should succeed in indoctrinating the race with his views, he will produce an intellectual revolution. Every man who thinks at all will be constrained for the remainder of his days (I must not say of his *life*) to think upon all subjects quite differently from what he has ever hitherto thought. As for readers for amusement, and for all readers who do not choose to read what cannot be read without some mental effort, they will certainly find the first half-dozen pages of this work quite sufficient for them. Without pretending to follow the author's views into the vast number of details into which they reach, I shall endeavor in a short compass to draw the great lines of them.

There is an interesting introduction, which gradually prepares us for the announcement of the startling fact, that all men hitherto have been entirely mistaken in their belief both as to themselves and the universe which surrounds them. It is first impressed upon us that things may be in themselves very different indeed from that which they appear to us: that phenomenon may be something far apart from actual being. Yet though our conceptions, whether given by sense or intellect, do not correspond with the truth of things, still they are the elements from which truth is to be gathered. The following passage, which occurs near the beginning of the introduction, is the sharp end of the wedge:—

"All advance in knowledge is a deliverance of man from himself. Slowly and painfully we learn that he is not the measure of truth, that the fact may be very different from the appearance to him. The lesson is hard, but the reward is great. So he escapes from illusion and error, from ignorance and failure. Directing his thoughts and energies no longer according to his own impressions, but according to the truth of things, he finds himself in possession of an unimaginable power alike of understanding and of acting. To a truly marvellous extent he is the lord of nature.

"But the conditions of this lordship are inexorable. They are the surrender of prepossessions, the abandonment of assumption, the confession of ignorance: the open eye and the humble heart. Hence in all passing from error to truth we learn something respecting ourselves, as well as something respecting the object of our study. Simultaneously with our better knowledge we recognize the reason of our ignorance, and perceive what defect on our part has caused us to think wrongly.

"Either the world is such as it appears to us, or it is not. If it be not, there must be some condition affecting ourselves which modifies the impression we receive from it. And this condition must be operative upon all mankind;

it must relate to man as a whole rather than to individual men."

Thus does the author lay down the simple general principle from which he is speedily to draw conclusions so startling. Nothing can be more innocuous than all this. Every one must agree in it. Now come the further steps.

The study of nature leads to the conclusion that there is a defectiveness in man which modifies his perception of all external things; and that thus in so far as the actual fact of the universe differs from our impression of it, the actual fact is better, higher, more complete, than our impression of it. There are qualities, there is a glory about the universe, which our defective condition prevents our seeing or discerning. The universe, or nature, is not in itself such as it is to man's feeling; and man's feeling of it differs from the fact *by defect*. All that we discern in the universe is there; and a great deal besides.

Now, we think of nature as existing in a certain way which we call *physical*. We call the world the *physical world*. This mode of existence involves *inertness*. That which is physical does not act, except passively, as it is acted upon. Inertness is inaction. That which is inert, therefore, differs from that which is not inert *by defect*. The inert *wants something* of being active.

Next, we have a conception of another mode of being besides the inert. We conceive of being which possesses a spontaneous and primary activity. This kind of being is called *spiritual*. This kind of being has shaken off the reproach of inertness. It can act, and originate action. The physical thus differs from the spiritual (as regards inertness) *by defect*. The physical *wants something* of being spiritual.

So far, my reader, we do not of necessity start back from anything our author teaches us. Quite true, we think of matter, a kind of being which can *do nothing* of itself. Quite true, we think of spirit, a kind of being which can *do*. And no doubt that which is able to do is (*quoad hoc*) a higher and more noble kind of being than that which cannot do, but only be done to. But remember here, I do not admit that in this point lies the *differentia* between matter and spirit. I do not grant that by taking from matter the reproach of inertness, you would make it spirit. The essential difference seems to me not to lie there. We could conceive of matter as capable of originating action, and yet as material. This is by the by—but now be on your guard. Here is our author's great discovery—

It is man's defectiveness which makes him

feel the world as thus defective. Nature is really not inert, though it appears so to man. We have been wont to think that nature, the universe, is inert or physical; that man is not inert or spiritual. Now, there is no doubt at all that there is inertness somewhere. Here are the two things, man and nature; with which thing does the inertness lie? Our author maintains that it lies with man, not with nature. Science has proved to us that nature is not inert. As there is inertness somewhere, and as it is not in nature, of course the conclusion is that it is in man. Inertness is in the phenomenon; that is, in nature as it appears to us. There cannot be any question that nature *seems to us* to be inert. But the author of this book declares that this inertness, though in the phenomenon, is not in the fact. Nature *looks* inert; it is not inert. How does the notion of inertness come at all, then? Now comes the very essence of the new theory; I give it in its author's words:—

"The inertness is introduced by man. He perceives defect without him, only because there is defect within him.

"To be inert has the same meaning as to be dead. So we speak of nature, thinking it to be inert, as 'dead matter.' To say that man introduces inertness into nature, implies a deadness in him: it is to say that he wants life. This is the proposition which is affirmed. This condition which we call our life, is not the true life of man.

"The book that has had greater influence upon the world than all others, differs from all others, in affirming that man wants life, and in making that statement the basis of all that it contains respecting the past and present and future of mankind.

"Science thus pays homage to the Bible. What that book has declared as if with authority, so long ago, she has at last decyphered on the page of nature. This is not man's true life."

And who is there who can doubt, looking at man as he is now, and then thinking of what he is to be in another world, that there is about him, now, great defect? There is truly much wanting which it is hoped will one day be supplied. What shall we call this lacking thing—this one thing lacking whose absence is felt in every fibre of our being? Our author chooses to call it life; I am doubtful with how much felicity or naturalness of expression. Of course we all know that in the New Testament *life* does not mean merely existence continued; *eternal life* does not mean merely existence continued forever; it means the highest and purest form of our being continued forever;—happiness and holiness continued forever. We know, too, that holy Scripture describes the step taken by any man in becoming an ear-

nest believer in Christ, as "passing from death to life;" we remember such a text as "This is life eternal, that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." We know that a general name for the Gospel, which grasps its grand characteristics, is "The Word of Life;" and that, in religious phrase, Christianity is concerned with the revealing, the implanting, the sustaining, the crowning, of a certain better life. Nor is it difficult to trace out such analogies between natural and spiritual death, between natural and spiritual life, as tend to prove that spiritual life and death are not spoken of in Scripture merely as the strongest words which could be employed, but that there is a further and deeper meaning in their constant use. But I do not see any gain in forcing figurative language into a literal use. Everybody knows what *life* and *death*, in ordinary language, imply. Life means sensibility, consciousness, capacity of acting, union with the living. Death means senselessness, helplessness, separation. No doubt we may trace analogies, very close and real, between the natural and the spiritual life and death. But still they are no more than analogies. You do not identify the physical with the spiritual. And it is felt by all that the use of the words in a spiritual sense is a figurative use. To the common understanding, a man is living, when he breathes and feels and moves. He is dead when he ceases to do all that. And it is a mere twisting of words from their understood sense to say that in reality, and without a figure, a breathing, feeling, moving man is *dead*, because he lacks some spiritual quality, however great its value may be. It may be a very valuable quality; it may be worth more than life; but it is not life, as men understand it; and as words have no meaning at all except that which men agree to give these arbitrary sounds, it matters not at all that this higher quality is what you may call true life, better life, real life. If you enlarge the meaning of the word *life* to include, in addition to what is generally understood by it, a higher power of spiritual action and discernment, why, all that can be said is, that you understand by *life* something quite different from men in general. If I choose to enlarge the meaning of the word *black* to include *white*, of course I might say with truth (relatively to myself) that white forms the usual clothing of clergymen. If I extend the meaning of the word *fast* to mean *slow*, I might boldly declare that the Great Northern express is a slow train. And the entire result of such use of language would be, that no mortal would understand what I meant.

Thus it is, that I demur to any author's

right to tell me that such and such a thing is, or is not, "the true life of man."

And when he says "that man wants life, means that the true life of man is of another kind from this," I reply to him, tell me, what is the blessing man needs; tell me above all, where and how he is to get it: but as to its name, I really do not care what you call it, so you call it by some name that people will understand. Call it so that people will know what you mean—Salvation, Glory, Happiness, Holiness, Redemption, or what else you please. Do not mystify us by saying we *want life*, and then, when we are startled by the perfectly intelligible assertion, edge off by explaining that by *life* you mean something quite different from what we do. There is no good in *that*. If I were to declare that this evening, before I sleep, I shall cross the Atlantic and go to America, my readers would think the statement a sufficiently extraordinary one; but if, after thus surprising them, I went on to explain that by the Atlantic I did not mean the ocean, nor by America the western continent, but that the Atlantic meant the village green, and America the squire's house on the other side of it, I should justly gain credit for a very silly mystification. As Nicholas Nickleby very justly remarked, If Dotheboy's Hall is not a hall, why call it one? Mr. Squeers, in his reply, no doubt stated the law of the case: If a man chooses to call his house an island, what is to hinder him? If the author of *Man and his Dwelling Place* means to tell us only that we want some spiritual capacity, which it pleases him to call life, but which not one man in a million understands by that word, is he not amusing himself at our expense by telling us we *want life*? We know what we mean by being dead: our author means something quite different. Let him speak for himself:

"That man wants life means that the true life of man is of another kind from this. It corresponds to that true, absolute Being which he as he now is cannot know.

"He cannot know it because he is out of relation with it. **THIS IS HIS DEADNESS.** To know it is to have life."

Yes, reader—*this is his deadness!* Something, that is, which no plain mortal would ever understand by the word. When I told you, a long time ago, that this book taught that man is dead and nature living, was *this* what the words conveyed to you?

Still, though there may be something not natural in the word, the author's meaning is a broad and explicit one. For the want of that which he calls our true life (he maintains) utterly distorts and deforms this world to our view. Here is his statement as to the things which surround us:

"There is not a physical world and a spiritual world besides; but the spiritual world which alone is physical to man, the *physical being the mode in which man, by his defectiveness, perceives the spiritual*. We feel a physical world to be: that which is the spiritual world."

The phenomenon, that is, is physical: the fact is spiritual. A tree looks to us material, because we want life: if we had life, we should see that it is spiritual. Really, there is no such thing as matter. Our own defectiveness makes us fancy that to be material which in truth is spiritual. So I was misinterpreting the author, when I said that all we see in nature is there, and a great deal more. The defect in us, it appears, not only subtracts from nature, it transforms it. Not merely do we fail to discern that which is in nature, we do actually discern that which is not in nature.

And to be delivered from all this deadness and delusion, what we have to do is to betake ourselves to the Saviour. Christianity is a system which starts from the fundamental principle that man is dead, and proposes to make him alive. Under its working man gains true life, otherwise called eternal life; and in gaining that life he finds himself *ipso facto* conveyed into a spiritual world. This world ceases to be physical to him, and becomes spiritual.

Such are the great lines of the new theory as to Man and his Dwelling Place. Thus does our author interpret nature. I trust and believe that I have not in any way misrepresented or caricatured his opinions. His *Introduction* sets out in outline the purport of the entire book. The remainder of the volume is given to carrying out these opinions into detail, as they are suggested by or as they affect the entire system of things. It is divided into four *Books*. Book I. treats *Of Science*; Book II. *Of Philosophy*; Book III. *Of Religion*; Book IV. *Of Ethics*; and the volume is closed by four *Dialogues* between the *Writer and Reader*, in which, in a desultory manner, the principles already set forth are further explained and enforced.

Early in the first chapter of the *Book Of Science*, the author anticipates the obvious objection to his use of the terms *Life* and *Death*. I do not think he succeeds in justifying the fashion in which he employs them. But let him speak for himself:

"It may seem unnatural to speak of a conscious existence as a state of death. But what is affirmed is, that a sensational existence such as ours is not the life of MAN; that a consciousness of physical life does itself imply a sadness. The affirmations that we are living men, and that man has not true and absolute life, are not opposed. Life is a relative term. Our possession of a conscious life in relation to the things

that we feel around us, is itself the evidence of man's defect of life in a higher and truer sense.

"Let a similitude make the thought more clear. Are not we, as individuals, at rest, steadfast in space; evidently so to our own consciousness, demonstrably so in relation to the objects around us? But is man at rest in space? By no means. We are all partakers of a motion. Nay, if we were truly at rest, we could not have this relative steadfastness; we should not be at rest to the things around us: they would fleet and slip away. Our relative rest, and consciousness of steadfastness, depend upon our being not at rest. There are moving things, to which he only can be steadfast who is moving too. Even such is the life of which we have consciousness. We have a life in relation to these physical things, because man wants life. True life in man would alter his relation to them. They could not be the realities any more: he could not have a life in them. As rest to moving things is not truly rest, but motion; so life to inert things is not truly life, but deadness.

Very ingeniously thought out: very skillfully put, with probably the only illustration which would go on all fours. But to me all this is extremely unsatisfactory: and unsatisfactory in a much farther sense than merely that it is using terms in a non-natural sense. I know, of course, that to look at nature through blue spectacles will make nature blue; but I cannot see that to look at nature through dead eyes should make nature dead. I see no proof that nature, in fact, is living and active, though it admittedly looks inert and dead. And I can discover nothing more than a daring assertion, in the statement that we are dead, and that we project our own deadness upon living nature. I cannot see how to the purest and most elevated of beings, a tree should look less solid than it does to me. I cannot discover how greater purity of heart, and more entire faith in Christ, should turn this material world into a world of spirit. I doubt the doctrine that spirit in itself, as usually understood (apart from its power of originating action) is a higher and holier existence than matter. It seems to me that very much from a wrong idea that it is, come those vague, unreal, intangible notions as to the Christian heaven, which do so much to make it a chilly, unattractive thing, to human wishes and hopes. It is hard enough for us to feel the reality of the things beyond the grave, without having the additional stumbling-block cast in our way, of being told that truly there is nothing real there for us to feel. As for the following eloquent passage, in which our author subsequently returns to the justification of his great doctrine, no more need be said than that it is rhetoric, not logic:—

"That man has not his true life, must have

taken him long to learn. All our prepossessions, all our natural convictions, are opposed to that belief. If these activities, these powers, these capacities of enjoyment and suffering, this consciousness of free will, this command of the material world, be not life, what is life? What more do we want to make us truly man? This is the feeling that has held man captive, and biased all their thoughts so that they could not perceive what they themselves were saying.

"Yet the sad undercurrent has belied the boast. From all ages and all lands the cry of anguish, the prayer for life unconscious of itself, has gone up to heaven. In groans and curses, in despair and cruel rage, man pours out his secret to the universe; writing it in blood, and lust, and savage wrong, upon the fair bosom of the earth; he alone not knowing what he does. If this be the life of man, what is his death?

No doubt this would form a very eloquent and effective paragraph in a popular sermon. But in a philosophic treatise, where an author is tied to the severely precise use of terms, and where it will not do to call a thing death merely because it is very bad, nor call a thing life because it is very good, the argument appears to have but little weight.

You must see, intelligent reader, that one thing which we are entitled to require our author to satisfactorily prove, is the fact that nature is not inert, as it appears to man. If you can make it certain that nature is living and active, then, no doubt, some explanation will be needful as to how it comes to look so different to us; though, even then, I do not see that it necessarily follows that the inertness is to be supposed to exist in ourselves. But unless the author can prove that nature is not inert, he has no foundation to build on. He states three arguments, from which he derives the grand principle:—

"1. Inertness necessarily belongs to all phenomena. That which is only *felt* to be, and does not truly or absolutely exist, must have the character of inaction. It must be felt as passive. A phenomena must be inert *because it is a phenomena*. We cannot argue from inertness in that which appears to us, to inertness in that which is. Of whatsoever kind the essence of nature may be, if it be unknown, the phenomenon must be equally inert. We have no ground, therefore, in the inertness which we feel, for affirming of nature that it is inert. We must feel it so, by virtue of our known relation to it, as not perceiving its essence.

"2. The question, therefore, rests entirely upon its own evidence. Since we have no reason, from the inertness of the phenomenal, for inferring the inertness of the essential, can we know whether that essential be inert or not? We can know. Inertness, as being absolutely inaction, cannot belong to that which truly is. Being and absolute inaction are contraries. Inertness,

therefore, must be a property by which the phenomenal differs from the essential or absolute.

"3. Again nature does act: it acts upon us, or we could not perceive it at all. The true being of nature is active therefore. That we feel it otherwise shows that we do not feel it as it is. We must look for the source of nature's apparent or felt inertness in man's condition. Never should man have thought to judge of nature without remembering his own defectiveness.

Such are the grounds upon which rests the belief, that nature is not inert. It appears to me that there is little force in them. To a great extent they are mere assumptions and assertions; and any thing they contain in the nature of argument is easily answered.

First: Why must every phenomenon be felt as inert? Why must a "phenomenon be inert because it is a phenomenon?" I cannot see why. We know nothing but phenomenon; that is, things as they appear to us. Where did we get the ideas of life and activity, if not from phenomena? Many things appear to us to have life and activity. That is, there are phenomena which are not inert.

Secondly: Wherefore should we conclude that the phenomenon differs essentially from the fact? The phenomenon is the fact as discerned by us. And granting that our defectiveness forbids our having a full and complete discernment of the fact, why should we doubt that our discernment is right *so far as it goes*? It is incomparably more likely that things (not individual things, but the entire system, I mean) are what they seem, than that they are not. Why believe we are gratuitously and needlessly deluded? God made the universe; he placed us in it; he gave us powers whereby to discern it. Is it reasonable to think that he did so in a fashion so blundering or so deceitful that we can only discern it wrong? And if nature seems inert, is not the rational conclusion that it is so?

Thirdly: Why cannot "inertness, as being absolute inaction, belong to that which truly is?" Why cannot a thing exist without doing any thing? Is not that just what millions of things actually do? Or if you intend to twist the meaning of the substantive verb, and to say that merely to be is to do something,—that simply to exist is a certain form of exertion and action,—I shall grant, of course, that nothing whatever that exists is in that sense inert; but I shall affirm that you use the word *inert* in quite a different sense from the usual one. And in that extreme and non-natural sense of the word, the phenomenon is no more inert than is the essence. Certainly things seem to us to be;

and if just to be is to be active, then no phenomenon is inert; no single thing discerned by us appears to be inert.

Fourthly: I grant that "nature does act upon us, or we could not perceive it at all." But then I maintain that this kind of action is not action as men understand the word. This kind of action is quite consistent with the general notion of inertness. A thing may be inert, as mankind understand the word; and also active, as the author of this work understands the word. To discern this sort of activity and life in nature we have no need to "pass from death to life" ourselves. We simply need to have the thing pointed out to us, and it is seen at once. It is playing with words to say that *nature acts upon us, or we could not perceive it*. When you stand before a tree, and look at it, it does act in so far as that it depicts itself upon your retina; but that action is quite consistent with what we understand by inertness. It does not matter whether you say your eye takes hold of the tree, or that the tree takes hold of your eye. When you hook a trout you may say either that you catch the fish, or that the fish catches you. Is the alternative worth fighting about? Which is the natural way of speaking: to say that the man *sees the tree*, or that *the tree shows itself* to the man? All the activity which our author claims for nature goes no farther than that. Our reply is that that is not activity at all. If that is all he contends for, we grant it at once; and we say that it is not in the faintest degree inconsistent with the fact of nature's being inert, as that word is understood. You come and tell me that Mr. Smith has just passed your window *flying*. I say no; I saw him; he was not flying but walking. Ah, you reply, I hold that walking is an inchoate flying; it is a rudimentary flying, the lowest form of flying; and therefore I maintain that he flew past the window. My friend, I answer, if it be any satisfaction to use words in that way, do so and rejoice; only do not expect any human being to understand what you mean; and beware of the lunatic asylum.

Why, I ask again, are we to cry down man for the sake of crying up nature? Why are we to depreciate the dweller that we may magnify the dwelling-place? Is not man (to say the least) one of the works of God? Did not God make both man and nature? And does not Revelation (which our author holds in so deep reverence) teach that man was the last and noblest of the handiworks of the Creator? And thus it is that I do not hesitate to answer such a question as that which follows, and to answer it contrariwise to what the author expects. It is from the human soul that glory and meaning are projected upon in-

animate nature. To Newton, and to Newton's dog, the outward creation was physically the same; to the apprehension of Newton and of Newton's dog, how different! Hear the author:—

"To this clear issue the case is brought: Man does introduce into nature something from himself: either the inertness, the negative quality, the defect, or the beauty, the meaning, the glory. Either that whereby the world is noble comes from ourselves, or that whereby it is mean; that which it has, or that which it wants. Can it be doubtful which it is?"

Not in the least. Give me the rational and immortal man, made in God's image, rather than the grandest oak which the June sunbeams will be warming when you read this, my friend—rather than the most majestic mountain which by and by will be purple with the heather. Reason, immortality, love, and faith, are things liker God than ever so many cubit feet of granite, than ever so many loads of timber. "Behold," says Archer Butler, "we stand alone in the universe! Earth, air and ocean can show us nothing so awful as we!"

You fancy, says our author, that Nature is inert, because it goes on in so constant and unvarying a course. You know, says he, what conscious exertion it cost you to produce physical changes; you can trace no such exertion in nature. You would believe, says he, that nature is active, but for the fact that her doings are all conformed to laws that you can trace. But invariableness, he maintains, is no proof of inaction. "RIGHT ACTION is invariable; RIGHT ACTION is absolutely conformed to law. Why, therefore should not the secret of nature's invariableness be, not passiveness, but rightness?" The unchanging uniformity of nature's course proves her holiness—her willing, unvarying obedience to the Divine law. "The invariableness of nature bespeaks holiness as its cause."

May we not think upon all this (not dogmatically) in some such fashion as this?

Which is likelier:

1. That nature has it in her power to vary from the well-known laws of nature; that she could disobey God if she pleased; but that she is so holy that she could not think of such a thing, and so through all ages has never swerved once. Or,

2. That nature is bound by laws which she has not the power to disobey; that she is what she looks, an inanimate, passive, inert thing, actuated, as her soul and will, by the will of the Creator?

And to aid in considering which alternative is the likelier, let it be remembered that Revelation teaches that this is a fallen world;

that experience proves that this world is not managed upon any system of optimism; that in this creation things are constantly going wrong; and especially that all history gives no account of any mere creature whose will was free to do either good or ill; and yet who did not do ill frequently. Is it likely that to all this there is one entire exception; one thing, and that so large a thing as all inanimate nature, perfectly obedient, perfectly holy, perfectly right—and all by its own free will? I grant there is something touching in the author's eloquent words:—

"Because she is right, Nature is ours; more truly ours than we ourselves. We turn from the inward ruin to the outward glory and marvel at the contrast. But we need not marvel; it is the difference of life and death; piercing the dimness even of the man's darkened sense, jarring upon his fond illusion like waking realities upon a dream. Without is living holiness, within is deathly wrong."

Let the reader, ever remembering that in such cases analogy is not argument but illustration—that it makes a doctrine clearer, but does not in any degree confirm it—read the chapter entitled "Of the Illustration from Astronomy." It will tend to make the great doctrine of *Man and his Dwelling Place* comprehensible; you will see exactly what it is, although you may not think it true. As astronomy has transferred the apparent movements of the planets from them to ourselves, so, says our author, has science transferred the seeming inertness of nature from it to us. The phenomenon of nature is physical and inert: the being is spiritual and active and holy. And if we now seem to have an insuperable conviction that man is not inert and that nature is inert, it is not stronger than our apparent consciousness that the earth is unmoving. Man lives under illusion as to himself and as to the universe. Reason, indeed, furnishes him with the means of correcting that illusion; but in that illusion is his want of life.

Strong in his conviction of the great principle which he has established, as he conceives, in his first book, the author in his second book, goes crashing through all systems of philosophy. His great doctrine makes havoc of them all. All are wrong, though each may have some grain of truth in it. The Idealists are right in so far as that there is no such thing as Matter. Matter is the vain imagination of man through his wrong idea of nature's inertness, but the Idealists are wrong if they fancy that because there is no matter, there is nothing but mind, and ideas in mind.

Nature, though spiritual, has a most real and separate existence. Then the Sceptics are

right in so far as they doubt what our author thinks wrong; but they are wrong in so far as they doubt what our author thinks right. Positivism is right in so far as it teaches that we see all things relatively to ourselves, and so wrongly; but it is wrong in teaching that what things are in themselves is no concern of ours, and that we should live on as though things were what they seem.

If it were not that the reader of *Man and his Dwelling Place* is likely, after the shock of the first grand theory, that Man is dead and the Universe living, to receive with comparative coolness any further views set out in the book, however strange, I should say that probably the third Book, "Of Religion," would startle him more than any thing else in the work. Although this Book stands third in the volume, it is first both in importance and in chronology. For the author tells us that his views *Of Religion* are not deduced from the theoretical conceptions already stated, but have been drawn immediately from the study of Scripture, and that from them the philosophical ideas are mainly derived. And indeed it is perfectly marvellous what doctrines men will find in Scripture, or deduce from Scripture. Is there not something curious in the capacity of the human mind, while glancing along the sacred volume, to find upon its pages both what suits its prevailing mood and its firm conviction at the time? You feel buoyant and cheerful: you open your Bible and read it; what a cheerful, hopeful book it is! You are depressed and anxious: you open your Bible; surely it was written for people in your present frame of mind! It is wonderful to what a degree the Psalms especially suit the mood and temper of all kinds of readers in every conceivable position. I can imagine the poor suicide, stealing towards the peaceful river, and musing on a verse of a psalm. I can imagine the joyful man, on the morning of a marriage day which no malignant relatives have embittered, finding a verse which will seem like the echo of his cheerful temper. And passing from feeling to understanding, it is remarkable how, when a man is possessed with any strong belief, he will find, as he reads the Bible, not only many things which appear to him expressly to confirm his view, but something in the entire tenor of what he reads that appears to harmonize with it. I doubt not the author of *Man and his Dwelling Place* can hardly open the Bible at random without chancing upon some passage which he regards as confirmatory of his opinions. I am quite sure that to ordinary men his opinions will appear flatly to conflict with the Bible's fundamental teaching. It has already been indicated in

this essay in what sense the statements of the New Testament to the following effect are to be understood:—

"The writers of the New Testament declare man to be dead. They speak of men as not having life, and tell of a life to be given them. If, therefore, our thoughts were truly conformed to the New Testament, how could it seem a strange thing to us that this state of man should be found a state of death; how should its very words, re-affirmed by science, excite our surprise? Would it not have appeared to us a natural result of the study of nature to prove man dead? Might we not, if we had truly accepted the words of Scripture, have anticipated that it should be so? For, if man be rightly called dead, should not that condition have affected his experience, and ought not a discovery of that fact to be the issue of his labors to ascertain his true relation to the universe? Why does it seem a thing incredible to us that man should be really, actually dead; dead in such a sense as truly to affect his being, and determine his whole state? Why have we been using words which affirm him dead in our religious speech, and feel startled at finding them proved true in another sphere of inquiry?"

It is indeed true—it is a thing to be taken as a fundamental truth in reading the Bible—that in a certain sense man is dead, and is to be made alive; and the analogy which obtains between natural death and what in theological language is called spiritual death, is in several respects so close and accurate that we feel that it is something more than a strong figure when the New Testament says such things as "You hath he quickened who were *dead* in trespasses and sins." But it tends only to confusion to seek to identify things so thoroughly different as natural and spiritual death. It is trifling with a man to say to him "You are dead!" and having thus startled him, to go on to explain that you mean spiritually dead. "Oh," he will reply, "I grant you that I may be dead in that sense, and possibly that is the more important sense, but it is not the sense in which words are commonly understood." I can see, of course, various points of analogy between ordinary death and spiritual death. Does ordinary death render a man insensible to the presence of material things? Then spiritual death renders him heedless of spiritual realities, of the presence of God, of the value of salvation, of the closeness of eternity. Does natural death appear in utter helplessness and powerlessness? So does spiritual death render a man incapable of spiritual action and exertion. Has natural death its essence in the entire separation it makes between dead and living? So has spiritual death its essence in the separation of the soul from God. But, after all, these things do but show an analogy between nat-

ural death and spiritual: they do not show that the things are one: they do not show that in the strict unfigurative use of terms man's spiritual condition is one of death. They show that man's spiritual condition is *very like death*; that is all. It is so like as quite to justify the assertion in Scripture: it is not so identical as to justify the introduction of a new philosophical phrase. It is perfectly true that Christianity is described in Scripture as a means for bringing men *from death to life*; but it is also described, with equal meaning, as a means for bringing men *from darkness to light*. It is easy to trace the analogy between man's spiritual condition and the condition of one in darkness—between man's redeemed condition and the condition of one in light; but surely it would be childish to announce, as a philosophical discovery, that all men are blind, because they cannot see their true interests and the things that most concern them. They are not blind in the ordinary sense, though they may be blind in a higher; neither are they dead in the ordinary sense, though they may be in a higher. And only confusion, and a sense of being misled and trifled with, can follow from the pushing figure into fact and trying to identify the two.

Stripping our author's views of the unusual phraseology in which they are disguised, they do, so far as regards the essential fact of man's loss and redemption, coincide exactly with the orthodox teaching of the Church of England. Man is by nature and sinfulness in a spiritual sense dead; dead now, and doomed to a worse death hereafter. By believing in Christ he at once obtains some share of a better spiritual life, and the hope of a future life which shall be perfectly holy and happy. Surely this is no new discovery. It is the type of Christianity implied in the Liturgy of the Church, and weekly set out from her thousands of pulpits. The startling novelties of *Man and his Dwelling Place* are in matters of detail. He holds that fearful thing, *Damnation*, which orthodox views push off into a future world, to be a present thing. It is now men are damned. It is now men are in hell. Wicked men are now in a state of damnation: they are now in hell. The common error arises from our thinking damnation a state of suffering. It is not. It is a state of something worse than suffering, viz., of sin:—

"We find it hard to believe that damnation can be a thing men like. But does not what every being likes depend on what it is? Is corruption less corruption, in man's view, because worms like it? Is damnation less damnation, in God's view, because men like it? And God's

view is simply the truth. Surely one object of a revelation must be to show us things from God's view of them, that is, as they truly are. Sin truly is damnation, though to us it is pleasure. That sin is pleasure to us, surely is the evil part of our condition."

And indeed it is to be admitted that there is a great and much-forgotten truth implied here. It is a very poor, and low, and inadequate idea of Christianity, to think of it merely as something which saves from suffering—as something which saves us from hell, regarded merely as a place of misery. The Christian salvation is mainly a deliverance from sin. The deliverance is primarily from moral evil; and only secondarily from physical or moral pain. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for he shall save his people *from their sins*." No doubt this is very commonly forgotten. No doubt the vulgar idea of salvation and perdition founds on the vulgar belief that pain is the worst of all things, and happiness the best of all things. It is well that the coarse and selfish type of religion which founds on the mere desire to escape from burning and to lay hold of bliss, should be corrected by the diligent instilling of the belief, that sin is worse than sorrow. The Saviour's compassion, though ever ready to well out at the sight of suffering, went forth most warmly at the sight of sin.

Here I close the book, not because there is not much more in it that well deserves notice, but because I hope that what has here been said of it will induce the thoughtful reader to study it for himself, and because I have space to write no more. It is a May afternoon; not that on which the earliest pages of my article were written, but a week after it. I have gone at the ox-fence at last, and got over it with several contusions. Pardon me, unknown author, much admired for your ingenuity, your earnestness, your originality, your eloquence, if I have written with some show of lightness concerning your grave book. Very far, if you could know it, was any reality of lightness from your reviewer's feeling. He is *non ignarus mali*: he has had his full allotment of anxiety and care; and he hails with you the prospect of a day when human nature shall cast off its load of death, and when sinful and sorrowful man shall be brought into a beautiful conformity to external nature. Would that *Man* were worthy of *his dwelling-place* as it looks upon this summer-like day! Open, you latticed window: let the cool breeze come into this somewhat feverish room. Again the tree-tops; again the white stones and green graves; again the lambs, somewhat larger; again the distant hill. Again I think of Cheapside, far away.

Yet there is trouble here. Not a yard of any of those hedges but has worried its owner in watching that it be kept tight, that sheep or cattle may not break through. Not a gate I see but screwed a few shillings out of the anxious farmer's pocket, and is always going wrong. Not a field but either the landlord squeezed the tenant in the matter of rent, or the tenant cheated the landlord. Not the smoke of a cottage but marks where pass lives weighted down with constant care, and with little end save the sore struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Not one of these graves, save perhaps the poor friendless tramp's in the corner, but was opened

and closed to the saddening of certain hearts. Here are lives of error, sleepless nights, over-driven brains; wayward children, unnatural parents, though of these last, God be thanked, very few. Yes, says Adam Bede, "there's a sort of wrong that can never be made up for. No doubt we are dead: when shall we be quickened to a better life? Surely, as it is, the world is too good for man. And I agree, most cordially and entirely, with the author of this book, that there is but one agency in the universe that can repress evil here, and extinguish it hereafter."

A. K. H. B.

THE "GOLD ANTS" OF HERODOTUS.—In the *Athenæum* of May 19th, p. 687, is this statement from Froebel's *Travels in Central America*:—

"That certain species of ants in New Mexico construct their nests exclusively of small stones, of the same material, chosen by the insects from the various components of the sand of the steppes and deserts. In one part of the Colorado Desert their heaps were formed of small fragments of crystalized feldspar; and in another, imperfect crystals of red transparent garnets were the materials of which the ant-hills were built, and any quantity of them might there be obtained."

This corroborates an observation in vol. ii. of Humboldt's *Cosmos* (I made no note of the page): "It struck me to see that in the basaltic districts of the Mexican highlands, the ants bring together heaps of shining grains of hyalite, which I was able to collect out of their hillocks."

Does not this elucidate the gold-collecting ants of Herodotus, and rescue a fact from the domain of fiction?—*Notes and Queries*.

F. C. B.

MANIFOLD WRITERS.—Here is an extract taken from one of quaint old Fuller's *Sermons* (Grand Assizes), alluding to an invention which is generally supposed to have originated in modern times:—

"There is still a *Project* propounded on the *Royall Exchange* in London wherein one offers (if meeting with proportionable encouragement for his pains), so ingeniously to contrive the matter that every letter written, shall with the same pains of the *Writer* instantly render a double impression, besides the *Original*; each of which Inscript (For Transcript I cannot properly tearme it) shall be as faire and full, as lively and legible as the *Original*. Whether this will ever be really effected, or whether it will prove an *Abortive* as most designs of this nature Time will tell. Sure I am, if performed, it will be very beneficial to *Merchants*, who generally keepe *Duplicates* of their letters to their *Correspondents*."

This is another addition to the already well-

filled list of so-called modern inventions which, whether intentionally or accidentally, are nothing but adaptions of old ideas. Who was the advertiser mentioned by Fuller? and did he ever succeed in bringing his invention into use?—*Notes and Queries*.

G. M. G.

"MORS MORTIS MORTI," ETC.—Who is the author of the Latin distich annexed, of which I have subjoined an attempt at translation?—

"Mors mortis morti mortem nisi morte dedisset, Eternæ vitæ Janua clausa foret."

"Had not the death of death by death given death to death,

Our souls had perished with this mortal breath."

—*Notes and Queries*.

W. B.

BURNING ALIVE.—"In treasons of every kind," says Blackstone, iv, vi., "the punishment of women is the same, and different from that of men. For as the decency due to the sex forbids the exposing and publicly mangling their bodies, their sentence (which is to the full as terrible to sensation as the other) is to be drawn to the gallows, and there to be burned alive."

This punishment of women was abolished by stat. 30 George III. c. 48. What is the latest known instance of its having been inflicted? * The punishment of burning alive is at the present time (if we may believe the newspapers) not unfrequently inflicted on negroes in the United States. Is this done under the authority of any statutes of the local legislatures? and, if not, have those who have inflicted the punishment been ever visited with any penalties for so doing? In what civilized countries has burning alive been sanctioned as a punishment for secular offences as distinguished from heresy, etc.?—*Notes and Queries*.

W.

* In the 2d vol. of our 1st Series will be found recorded many of the latest instances of women being burnt alive. The last, which took place on the 18th March, 1789, is described by an eyewitness in "N. & Q." 1st S. ii. 260.—Ed. "N. & Q."

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE FOUR GEORGES.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, MORALS, COURT, AND
TOWN LIFE.

II.—GEORGE THE SECOND.

In the afternoon of the 14th of June, 1727, two horsemen might have been perceived galloping along the road from Chelsea to Richmond. The foremost, cased in the jackboots of the period, was a broad-faced, jolly-looking, and very corpulent cavalier; but, by the manner in which he urged his horse, you might see that he was a bold as well as a skilful rider. Indeed, no man loved sport better; and in the hunting-fields of Norfolk, no squire rode more boldly after the fox, or cheered Ringwood and Sweettips more lustily, than he who now thundered over the Richmond road.

He speedily reached Richmond Lodge, and asked to see the owner of the mansion. The mistress of the house and her ladies, to whom our friend was admitted, said he could not be introduced to the master, however pressing the business might be. The master was asleep after his dinner; he always slept after his dinner; and woe be to the person who interrupted him! Nevertheless, our stout friend of the jackboots put the affrighted ladies aside, opened the forbidden door of the bedroom, wherein upon the bed lay a little gentleman; and here the eager messenger knelt down in his jackboots.

He on the bed started up, and with many oaths and a strong German accent asked who was there, and who dared to disturb him?

"I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The awakened sleeper hated Sir Robert Walpole. "I have the honor to announce to your majesty that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg, on Saturday last, the 10th instant."

"*Das is one big lie!*" roared out his sacred majesty, King George II.; but Sir Robert Walpole stated the fact, and from that day until three and thirty years after, George, the second of the name, ruled over England.

How the king made away with his father's will under the astonished nose of the Archbishop of Canterbury; how he was a choleric little sovereign; how he shook his fist in the face of his father's courtiers; how he kicked his coat and wig about in his rages, and called everybody thief, liar, rascal, with whom he differed; you will read in all the history books; and how he speedily and shrewdly reconciled himself with the bold minister, whom he had hated during his father's life, and by whom he was served during fifteen years of his own with admirable prudence, fidelity, and success. But for Sir Robert Walpole, we should have had the Pretender back again.

But for his obstinate love of peace, we should have had wars, which the nation was not strong enough nor united enough to endure. But for his resolute counsels and good-humored resistance we might have had German despots attempting a Hanoverian regimen over us; we should have had revolt, commotion, want, and tyrannous misrule, in place of a quarter of a century of peace, freedom, and material prosperity, such as the country never enjoyed, until that corrupter of parliaments, that dissolute tipsy cynic, that courageous lover of peace and liberty, that great citizen, patriot, and statesman governed it. In religion he was little better than a heathen; cracked ribald jokes at bigwigs and bishops, and laughed at high church and low. In private life the old pagan revelled in the lowest pleasures; he passed his Sundays tipping at Richmond; and his holydays bawling after dogs, or boozing at Houghton with boors over beef and punch. He cared for letters no more than his master did; he judged human nature so meanly that one is ashamed to have to own that he was right, and that men could be corrupted by means so base. But, with his hireling House of Commons, he defended liberty for us; with his incredulity he kept churchcraft down. There were parsons at Oxford as double-dealing and dangerous as any priests out of Rome, and he routed them both. He gave Englishmen no conquests, but he gave them peace, and ease, and freedom; the three per cents. nearly at par; and wheat at five, and six, and twenty shillings a quarter.

It was lucky for us that our first Georges were not more high-minded men; especially fortunate that they loved Hanover so much as to leave England to have her own way. Our chief troubles began when we got a king who gloried in the name of Briton, and, being born in the country, proposed to rule it. He was no more fit to govern England than his grandfather and great-grandfather, who did not try. It was righting itself during their occupation. The dangerous, noble old spirit of cavalier loyalty was dying out; the stately old English high church was emptying itself; the questions dropping, which, on one side and the other;—the side of royalty, prerogative, church, and king;—the side of right, truth, civil, and religious freedom,—had set generations of brave men in arms. By the time when George III. came to the throne, the combat between loyalty and liberty was come to an end; and Charles Edward, old, tipsy, and childless, was dying in Italy.

Those who are curious about European Court history of the last age know the memoirs of the Margravine of Bayreuth, and what a court was that of Berlin, where George II.'s cousins ruled sovereign. Frederick the Great's father knocked down his sons, daugh-

ters, officers of state; he kidnapped big men all Europe over to make grenadiers of; his feasts, his parades, his wine parties, his tobacco parties, are all described. Jonathan Wild the great in language, pleasures, and behavior, is scarcely more delicate than this German sovereign. Louis XV., his life, and reign, and doings, are told in a thousand French memoirs. Our George II., at least, was not a worse king than his neighbors. He claimed and took the royal exemption from doing right which sovereigns assumed. A dull little man of low tastes he appears to us in England; yet Hervey tells us that this choleric prince was a great sentimentalist, and that his letters, — of which he wrote prodigious quantities, — were quite dangerous in their powers of fascination. He kept his sentimentalities for his Germans and his queen. With us English, he never chose to be familiar. He has been accused of avarice, yet he did not give much money, and did not leave much behind him. He did not love the fine arts, but he did not pretend to love them. He was no more a hypocrite about religion than his father. He judged men by a low standard; yet, with such men as were near him, was he wrong in judging as he did? He readily detected lying and flattery, and liars, and flatterers were perforce his companions. Had he been more of a dupe, he might have been more amiable. A dismal experience made him cynical. No boon was it to him to be clear-sighted, and see only selfishness and flattery round about him. What could Walpole tell him about his Lords and Commons, but that they were all venal? Did not his clergy, his courtiers, bring him the same story? Dealing with men and women in his rude, sceptical way, he comes to doubt about honor, male and female, about patriotism, about religion. "He is wild, but he fights like a man," George I., the taciturn, said of his son and successor. Courage George II. certainly had. The electoral prince, at the head of his father's contingent, had approved himself a good and brave soldier under Eugene and Marlborough. At Oudenarde he specially distinguished himself. At Malplaquet the other claimant to the English throne won but little honor. There was always a question about James's courage. Neither then in Flanders, nor afterwards in his own ancient kingdom of Scotland, did the luckless Pretender show much resolution. But dapper little George had a famous tough spirit of his own, and fought like a Trojan. He called out his brother of Prussia, with sword and pistol; and I wish, for the interest of romancers in general, that that famous duel could have taken place. The two sovereigns hated each other with all their might; their seconds were appointed; the place of meeting was settled;

and the duel was only prevented by strong representations made to the two, of the European laughter which would have been caused by such a transaction.

Whenever we hear of dapper George at war, it is certain that he demeaned himself like a little man of valor. At Dettingen his horse ran away with him, and with difficulty was stopped from carrying him into the enemy's lines. The king, dismounting from the fiery quadruped, said bravely: "Now I know I shall not run away;" and placed himself at the head of the foot, drew his sword brandishing it at the whole of the French army, and calling out to his own men to come on, in bad English, but with famous pluck and spirit. In '45, when the Pretender was at Derby, and many people began to look pale, the king never lost his courage, — not he. "Pooh! don't talk to me that stuff!" he said, like a gallant little prince as he was, and never for one moment allowed his equanimity, or his business, or his pleasures, or his travels, to be disturbed. On public festivals he always appeared in the hat and coat he wore on the famous day of Oudenarde; and the people laughed, but kindly, at the odd old garment, for bravery never goes out of fashion.

In private life the prince showed himself a worthy descendant of his father. In this respect, so much has been said about the first George's manner, that we need not enter into a description of the son's German harem. In 1705 he married a princess remarkable for beauty, for cleverness, for learning, for good temper, — one of the truest and fondest wives ever prince was blessed with, and who loved him and was faithful to him, and he, in his coarse fashion, loved her to the last. It must be told to the honor of Caroline of Anspach, that, at the time when German princes thought no more of changing their religion than you of altering your cap, she refused to give up Protestantism for the other creed, although an Archduke, afterwards to be an Emperor, was offered to her for a bridegroom. Her Protestant relations in Berlin were angry at her rebellious spirit; it was they who tried to convert her (it is droll to think that Frederick the Great, who had no religion at all, was known for a long time in England as the Protestant hero), and these good Protestants set upon Caroline a certain Father Urban, a very skilful Jesuit, and famous winner of souls. But she routed the Jesuit; and she refused Charles VI.; and she married the little Electoral Prince of Hanover, whom she tended with love, and with every manner of sacrifice, with artful kindness, with tender flattery, with entire self-devotion, thenceforward until her life's end.

When George I. made his first visit to Hanover, his son was appointed regent during

the royal absence. But this honor was never again conferred on the Prince of Wales; he and his father fell out presently. On the occasion of the christening of his second son, a royal row took place, and the prince, shaking his fist in the Duke of Newcastle's face, called him a rogue, and provoked his august father. He and his wife were turned out of St. James's, and their princely children taken from them, by order of the royal head of the family. Father and mother wept pitcously at parting from their little ones. The young ones sent some cherries, with their love, to papa and mamma; the parents watered the fruit with tears. They had no tears thirty-five years afterwards, when Prince Frederick died,—their eldest son, their heir, their enemy.

The king called his daughter-in-law "*cette diablesse madame la princesse*." The frequenters of the latter's court were forbidden to appear at the king's: their royal highnesses going to Bath, we read how the courtiers followed them thither, and paid that homage in Somersetshire which was forbidden in London. That phrase of "*cette diablesse madame la princesse*," explains one cause of the wrath of her royal papa. She was a very clever woman: she had a keen sense of humor: she had a dreadful tongue: she turned into ridicule the antiquated sultan and his hideous harem. She wrote savage letters about him home to members of her family. So, driven out from the royal presence, the prince and princess set up for themselves in Leicester Fields, "where," says Walpole, "the most promising of the young gentlemen of the next party, and the prettiest and liveliest of the young ladies, formed the new court." Besides Leicester House, they had their lodge at Richmond, frequented by some of the pleasantest company of those days. There were the Herveys, and Chesterfield, and little Mr. Pope from Twickenham, and with him, sometimes, the savage Dean of St. Patrick's, and quite a bevy of young ladies, whose pretty faces smile on us out of history. There was Lepell, famous in ballad song; and the saucy, charming Mary Bellenden, who would have none of the Prince of Wales' fine compliments, who folded her arms across her breast, and bade H. R. H. keep off; and knocked his purse of guineas into his face, and told him she was tired of seeing him count them. He was not an august monarch, this Augustus. Walpole tells us how, one night at the royal card-table, the playful princess pulled a chair away from under Lady Deloraine, who, in revenge, pulled the king's from under him, so that his majesty fell on the carpet. In whatever posture one sees this royal George, he is ludicrous, somehow;

even at Dettingen, where he fought so bravely, his figure is absurd—calling out in his broken English, and lunging with his rapier, like a fencing-master. In contemporary caricatures, George's son, "the hero of Culloden," is also made an object of considerable fun.

I refrain to quote from Walpole regarding George, for those charming volumes are in the hands of all who love the gossip of the last century. Nothing can be more cheery than Horace's letters. Fiddles sing all through them: wax-lights, fine dresses, fine jokes, fine plate, fine equipages, glitter and sparkle there: never was such a brilliant, jiggling, smirking Vanity Fair as that through which he leads us. Hervey, the next great authority, is a darker spirit. About him there is something frightful: a few years since his heirs opened the lid of the Ickworth box; it was as if a Pompeii was opened to us; the last century dug up, with its temples and its games, its chariots, its public places—lupanaria. Wandering through that city of the dead, that dreadfully selfish time, through those godless intrigues and feasts, through those crowds, pushing, and eager, and struggling—rouged, and lying, and fawning—I have wanted some one to be friends with. I have said to friends conversant with that history, "Show me some good person about that court; find me, among those selfish courtiers, those dissolute, gay people, some one being that I can love and regard. There is that strutting little sultan, George II.; there is that hunchbacked, beetle-browed Lord Chesterfield; there is John Hervey, with his deadly smile, and ghastly, painted face; I hate them. There is Hoadly, cringing from one bishopric to another: yonder comes little Mr. Pope, from Twickenham, with his friend, the Irish dean, in his new cassock, bowing too, but with rage flashing from under his bushy eyebrows, and scorn and hate quivering in his smile. Can you be fond of these? Of Pope I might: at least I might love his genius, his wit, his greatness, his sensibility, with a certain conviction that at some fancied slight, some sneer which he imagined, he would turn upon me and stab me. Can you trust the queen? She is not of our order: their very position makes kings and queens lonely. One inscrutable attachment that inscrutable woman has. To that she is faithful, through all trial, neglect, pain, and time. Save her husband, she really cares for no created being. She is good enough to her children, and even fond enough of them: but she would chop them all up into little pieces to please him. In her intercourse with all around her, she was perfectly kind, gracious, and natural; but friends may die, daughters may depart, she will be as perfectly kind and gracious to the

next set. If the king wants her, she will smile upon him, be she ever so sad; and walk with him, be she ever so weary; and laugh at his brutal jokes, be she in ever so much pain of body or heart. Caroline's devotion to her husband is a prodigy to read of. What charm had the little man? What was there in those wonderful letters of thirty pages long, which he wrote to her when he was absent, and to his mistresses at Hanover, when he was in London with his wife? Why did Caroline, the most lovely and accomplished princess of Germany, take a little red-faced staring princeling for a husband, and refuse an emperor? Why, to her last hour, did she love him so? She killed herself because she loved him so. She had the gout, and would plunge her feet in cold water in order to walk with him. With the film of death over her eyes, writhing in intolerable pain, she yet had a livid smile and a gentle word for her master. You have read the wonderful history of that death-bed? How she bade him marry again, and the reply the old king blubbered out, "*Non, non: j'aurai des maîtresses.*" There never was such a ghastly farce. I watch the astonishing scene—I stand by that awful bedside, wondering at the ways in which God has ordained the lives, loves, rewards, successes, passions, actions, ends of his creatures—and can't but laugh, in the presence of death, and with the saddest heart. In that often-quoted passage from Lord Hervey, in which the queen's death-bed is described, the grotesque horror of the details surpasses all satire: the dreadful humor of the scene is more terrible than Swift's blackest pages, or Fielding's fiercest irony. The man who wrote the story had something diabolical about him: the terrible verses which Pope wrote respecting Hervey, in one of his own moods of almost fiendish malignity, I fear are true. I am frightened as I look back into the past, and fancy I behold that ghastly, beautiful face; as I think of the queen writhing on her death-bed, and crying out, "Pray!—pray!" of the royal old sinner by her side, who kisses her dead lips with frantic grief, and leaves her to sin more; of the bevy of courtly clergymen, and the archbishop, whose prayers she rejects, and who are obliged, for propriety's sake, to shuffle off the anxious inquiries of the public, and vow that her majesty quitted this life "in a heavenly frame of mind." What a life!—to what ends devoted! What a vanity of vanities! It is a theme for another pulpit than the lecturer's. For a pulpit?—I think the part which pulpits play in the deaths of kings is the most ghastly of all the ceremonial: the lying eulogies, the blinking of disagreeable truths, the sickening flatteries, the simulated grief, the falsehoods and

sycophancies—all uttered in the name of Heaven in our State churches: these monstrous threnodies have been sung from time immemorial over kings and queens, good, bad, wicked, licentious. The State parson must bring out his commonplaces; his apparatus of rhetorical black-hangings. Dead king or live king, the clergyman must flatter him—announce his piety whilst living, and when dead, perform the obsequies of "our most religious and gracious king."

I read that Lady Yarmouth (my most religious and gracious king's favorite) sold a bishopric to a clergyman for £5000. (She betted him £5000 that he would not be made a bishop, and he lost, and paid her.) Was he the only prelate of his time led up by such hands for consecration? As I peep into George II's St. James's, I see crowds of cassocks rustling up the back-stairs of the ladies of the Court; stealthy clergy slipping purses into their laps; that godless old king yawning under his canopy in his Chapel Royal, as the chaplain before him is discoursing. Discoursing about what?—about righteousness and judgment? Whilst the chaplain is preaching, the king is chattering in German almost as loud as the preacher; so loud that the preacher—it may be one Dr. Young, he who wrote *Night Thoughts*, and discoursed on the splendors of the stars, the glories of heaven, and utter vanities of this world—actually burst out crying in his pulpit because the defender of the faith and dispenser of bishoprics would not listen to him! No wonder that the clergy were corrupt and indifferent amidst this indifference and corruption. No wonder that sceptics multiplied and morals degenerated, so far as they depended on the influence of such a king. No wonder that Whitefield cried out in the wilderness, that Wesley quitted the insulted temple to pray on the hill-side. I look with reverence on those men at that time. Which is the sublimer spectacle—the good John Wesley, surrounded by his congregation of miners at the pit's mouth, or the queen's chaplains mumbling through their morning office in their ante-room, under the picture of the great Venus, with the door opened into the adjoining chamber, where the queen is dressing, talking scandal to Lord Hervey, or uttering sneers at Lady Suffolk, who is kneeling with the basin at her mistress's side? I say I am scared as I look round at this society—at this king, at these courtiers, at these politicians, at these bishops—at this flaunting vice and levity. Whereabouts in this Court is the honest man? Where is the pure person one may like? The air stifles one with its sickly perfumes. There are some old world follies and some absurd ceremoni-

als about our Court of the present day, which I laugh at, but as an Englishman, contrasting it with the past, shall I not acknowledge the change of to-day? As the mistress of St. James's passes me now, I salute the sovereign, wise, moderate, exemplary of life; the good mother; the good wife; the accomplished lady; the enlightened friend of art; the tender sympathizer in her people's glories and sorrows.

Of all the Court of George and Caroline, I find no one but Lady Suffolk with whom it seems pleasant and kindly to hold converse. Even the misogynist Croker, who edited her letters, loves her, and has that regard for her with which her sweet graciousness seems to have inspired almost all men and some women who came near her. I have noted many little traits which go to prove the charms of her character (it is not merely because she is charming, but because she is characteristic, that I allude to her). She writes delightfully sober letters. Addressing Mr. Gay at Tunbridge (he was, you know, a poet, penniless and in disgrace), she says: "The place you are in, has strangely filled your head with physicians and cures; but, take my word for it, many a fine lady has gone there to drink the waters without being sick; and many a man has complained of the loss of his heart, who had it in his own possession. I desire you will keep yours; for I shall not be very fond of a friend without one, and I have a great mind you should be in the number of mine."

When Lord Peterborough was seventy years old, that indomitable youth addressed some flaming love, or rather gallantry, letters to Mrs. Howard—curious relics they are of the romantic manner of wooing sometimes in use in these days. It is not passion; it is not love; it is gallantry; a mixture of earnest and acting; high-flown compliments, profound bows, vows, sighs and ogles, in the manner of the Clelie romances, and Millamont and Doriourt in the comedy. There was a vast elaboration of ceremonies and etiquette, of raptures—a regulated form for kneeling and wooing which has quite passed out of our downright manners. Henrietta Howard accepted the noble old earl's philandering; answered the queer love-letters with due acknowledgment; made a profound courtesy to Peterborough's profound bow; and got John Gay to help her in the composition of her letters in reply to her old knight. He wrote her charming verses, in which there was truth as well as grace. "O wonderful creature!" he writes:—

"O wonderful creature, a woman of reason!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season!

When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Who would think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it
was she?"

The great Mr. Pope also celebrated her in lines not less pleasant, and painted a portrait of what must certainly have been a delightful lady:—

"I know a thing that's most uncommon —

Envy, be silent, and attend! —

I know a reasonable woman,

Handsome, yet witty, and a friend :

"Not warped by passion, awed by rumor,
Not grave through pride, or gay through
folly ;

An equal mixture of good-humor

And exquisite soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults, then (Envy says), sir?

Yes, she has one, I must aver —

When all the world conspires to praise her,

The woman's deaf, and does not hear!"

Even the women concurred in praising and loving her. The Duchess of Queensberry bears testimony to her amiable qualities, and writes to her: "I tell you so and so, because you love children, and to have children love you." The beautiful, jolly Mary Bellenden, represented by contemporaries as "the most perfect creature ever known," writes very pleasantly to her "dear Howard," her "dear Swiss," from the country, whither Mary had retired after her marriage, and when she gave up being a maid of honor. "How do you do, Mrs. Howard?" Mary breaks out, "How do you do, Mrs. Howard? that is all I have to say. This afternoon I am taken with a fit of writing; but as to matter, I have nothing better to entertain you, than news of my farm. I therefore give you the following list of the stock of eatables that I am fattening for my private tooth. It is well known to the whole county of Kent, that I have four fat calves, two fat hogs, fit for killing, twelve promising black pigs, two young chickens, three fine geese, with thirteen eggs under each (several being duck-eggs, else the others do not come to maturity); all this, with rabbits, and pigeons, and carp in plenty, beef and mutton at reasonable rates. Now, Howard, if you have a mind to stick a knife into any thing I have named say so!"

A jolly set must they have been, those maids of honor. Pope introduces us to a bevy of them, in a pleasant letter. "I went," he says, "by water to Hampton Court, and met the Prince, with all his ladies, on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. Bellenden and Mrs. Lepell took me into protection, contrary to the laws against harboring papists, and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with

Mrs. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a maid of honor was of all things the most miserable, and wished that all women who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham of a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat—all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for hunters. As soon as they wipe off the heat of the day, they must simmer an hour and catch cold in the princess's apartment; from thence to dinner with what appetite they may; and after that till midnight, work, walk, or think which way they please. No lone house in Wales, with a mountain and rookery, is more contemplative than this Court. Miss Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain all alone under the garden wall."

I fancy it was a merrier England, that of our ancestors, than the island which we inhabit. People high and low amused themselves very much more. I have calculated the manner in which statesmen and persons of condition passed their time—and what with drinking, and dining, and supping, and cards, wonder how they got through their business at all. They played all sorts of games, which, with the exception of cricket and tennis, have quite gone out of our manners now. In the old prints of St. James's Park, you still see the marks along the walk, to note the balls when the Court played at Mall. Fancy Birdcage Walk now laid out, and Lord John and Lord Palmerston knocking balls up and down the avenue! Most of those jolly sports belong to the past, and the good old games of England are only to be found in old novels, in old ballads, or the columns of dingy old newspapers, which say how a main of cocks is to be fought at Winchester, between the Winchester men and the Hampton men; or how the Cornwall men and the Devon men are going to hold a great wrestling-match at Totnes, and so on.

A hundred and twenty years ago, there were not only country towns in England, but people who inhabited them. We were very much more gregarious; we were amused by very simple pleasures. Every town had its fair, every village its wake. The old poets have sung a hundred jolly ditties about great cudgel-playings, famous grinning through horse-collars, great maypole meetings, and morris-dances. The girls used to run races, clad in very light attire; and the kind gentry and good parsons thought no shame in looking on. Dancing bears went about the country with pipe and tabor. Certain well-known

tunes were sung all over the land for hundreds of years, and high and low rejoiced in that simple music. Gentlemen who wished to entertain their female friends constantly, sent for a band. When Beau Fielding, a mighty fine gentleman, was courting a lady whom he married, he treated her and her companion at his lodgings to a supper from the tavern, and after supper they sent out for a fiddler—three of them. Fancy the three, in a great wainscoted room, in Covent Garden or Soho, lighted by two or three candles in silver sconces, some grapes and a bottle of Florence wine on the table, and the honest fiddler playing old tunes in quaint old minor keys, as the Beau takes out one lady after the other, and solemnly dances with her."

The very great folks, young noblemen, with their governors, and the like, went abroad and made the grand tour; the home satirists jeered at the Frenchified and Italian ways which they brought back; but the greater number of people never left the country. The jolly squire often had never been twenty miles from home. Those who did go went to the baths, to Harrogate, or Scarborough, or Bath, or Epsom. Old letters are full of these places of pleasure. Gay writes to us about the fiddlers at Tunbridge; of the ladies having merry little private balls amongst themselves; and the gentlemen entertaining them by turns with tea and music. One of the young beauties whom he met did not care for tea: "We have a young lady here," he says, "that is very particular in her desires. I have known some young ladies, who, if ever they prayed, would ask for some equipage or title, a husband or matadors: but this lady, who is but seventeen, and has £30,000 to her fortune, places all her wishes on a pot of good ale. When her friends, for the sake of her shape and complexion, would dissuade her from it, she answers, with the truest sincerity, that by the loss of shape and complexion she could only lose a husband, whereas ale is her passion."

Every country town had its assembly-room—mouldy old tenements, which we may still see in deserted inn-yards, in decayed provincial cities, out of which the great wen of London has sucked all the life. York, at assize times, and throughout the winter, harbored a large society of northern gentry. Shrewsbury was celebrated for its festivities. At Newmarket, I read of "a vast deal of good company, besides rogues and blacklegs;" at Norwich, of two assemblies, with a prodigious crowd in the hall, the rooms, and the gallery. In Cheshire (it is a maid of honor of Queen Caroline who writes, and who is longing to be back at Hampton court, and the fun there) I peep into a country house, and see a very merry party: "We meet in

the work-room before nine, eat and break a joke or two till twelve, then we repair to our own chambers and make ourselves ready, for it cannot be called dressing. At noon the great bell fetches us into a parlor, adorned with all sorts of fine arms, poisoned darts, several pairs of old boots and shoes worn by men of might, with the stirrups of King Charles I., taken from him at Edgehill,"—and there they have their dinner, after which comes dancing and supper.

As for Bath, all history went and bathed and drank there. George II. and his queen, Prince Frederick and his court, scarce a character one can mention of the early last century, but was seen in that famous pump-room where Beau Nash presided, and his picture hung between the busts of Newton and Pope:

"This picture, placed these busts between,
Gives satire all its strength:
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

I should like to have seen the Folly. It was a splendid, embroidered, beruffled, snuff-boxed, red-heeled, impertinent Folly, and knew how to make itself respected. I should like to have seen that noble old madcap Peterborough in his boots (he actually had the audacity to walk about Bath in boots!), with his blue ribbon and stars, and a cabbage under each arm, and a chicken in his hand, which he had been cheapening for his dinner. Chesterfield came there many a time and gambled for hundreds, and grinned through his gout. Mary Wortley was there, young and beautiful; and Mary Wortley, old, hideous, and snuffy. Miss Chudleigh came there, slipping away from one husband, and on the look-out for another. Walpole passed many a day there; sickly, supercilious, absurdly dandified, and affected; with a brilliant wit, a delightful sensibility; and, for his friends, a most tender, generous, and faithful heart. And if you and I had been alive then, and strolling down Milsom street—hush! we should have taken our hats off, as an awful, long, lean, gaunt figure, swathed in flannels, passed by in its chair, and a livid face looked out from the window—great fierce eyes staring from under a bushy powdered wig, a terrible frown, a terrible Roman nose—and we whisper to one another, "There he is! There's the great commoner! There is Mr. Pitt!" As we walk away, the abbey bells are set a-ringing; and we meet our testy friend Toby Smollett, on the arm of James Quin the actor, who tells us that the bells ring for Mr. Bullock, an eminent cowkeeper from Tottenham, who has just arrived to drink the waters; and Toby shakes his cane at the door of Colonel Ringworm—the Creole gen-

tleman's lodgings next his own—where the colonel's two negroes are practising on the French horn.

When we try to recall social England, we must fancy it playing at cards for many hours every day. The custom is wellnigh gone out among us now, but fifty years ago was general, fifty years before that, almost universal, in the country. "Gaming has become so much the fashion," writes Seymour, the author of the *Court Gamester*, "that he who in company should be ignorant of the games in vogue, would be reckoned low-bred, and hardly fit for conversation." There were cards everywhere. It was considered ill-bred to read in company. "Books were not fit articles for drawing-rooms," old ladies used to say. People were jealous, as it were, and angry with them. You will find in Hervey that George II. was always furious at the sight of books; and his queen, who loved reading, had to practise it in secret in her closet. But cards were the resource of all the world. Every night, for hours, kings and queens of England sat down and handled their majesties of spades and diamonds. In European courts, I believe, the practice still remains, not for gambling, but for pastime. Our ancestors generally adopted it. "Books! prithe, don't talk to me about books," said old Sarah Marlborough. "The only books I know are men and cards." "Dear old Sir Roger de Coverley sent all his tenants a string of hogs' puddings and a pack of cards at Christmas," says the *Spectator*, wishing to depict a kind landlord. One of the good old lady writers, in whose letters I have been dipping, cries out, "Sure, cards have kept us women from a great deal of scandal!" Wise old Johnson regretted that he had not learnt to play. "It is very useful in life," he says; "it generates kindness, and consolidates society." David Hume never went to bed without his whist. We have Walpole, in one of his letters, in a transport of gratitude for the cards. "I shall build an altar to Pam," says he, in his pleasant, dandified way, "for the escape of my charming Duchess of Grafton." The duchess had been playing cards at Rome, when she ought to have been at a cardinal's concert, where the floor fell in, and all the monsignors were precipitated into the cellar. Even the Nonconformist clergy looked not unkindly on the practice. "I do not think," says one of them, "that honest Martin Luther committed sin by playing at backgammon for an hour or two after dinner, in order, by unbending his mind, to promote digestion." As for the High Church parsons, they all played, bishops and all. On Twelfth-day, the court used to play in state. "This being Twelfth-day, his majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Knights Companions of the

Garter, Thistle, and Bath, appeared in the collars of their respective orders. Their majesties, the Prince of Wales, and three eldest princesses, went to the Chapel Royal, preceded by the heralds. The Duke of Manchester carried the sword of State. The king and prince made offering at the altar of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, according to the annual custom. At night their majesties payed at hazard with the nobility, for the benefit of the groom-porter; and 'twas said the king won six hundred guineas; the queen three hundred and sixty; Princess Amelia, twenty; Princess Caroline, ten; the Duke of Grafton and the Earl of Portmore, several thousands."

Let us glance at the same chronicle, which is of the year 1731, and see how others of our forefathers were engaged. "Cork, 15th January. — This day, one Tim Cronen was, for the murder and robbery of Mr. St. Leger and his wife, sentenced to be hanged two minutes, then his head to be cut off, and his body divided in four quarters, to be placed in four cross-ways. He was servant to Mr. St. Leger, and committed the murder with the privacy of the servant-maid, who was sentenced to be burned; also of the gardener, whom he knocked on the head, to deprive him of his share of the booty."

"January 3. — A postboy was shot by an Irish gentleman on the road near Stone, in Staffordshire, who died in two days, for which the gentleman was imprisoned."

"A poor man was found hanging in a gentleman's stables at Bungay, in Norfolk, by a person who cut him down, and running for assistance, left his penknife behind him. The poor man recovering, cut his throat with the knife; and a river being nigh, jumped into it; but company coming, he was dragged out alive, and was like to remain so."

"The Honorable Thomas Finch, brother to the Earl of Nottingham, is appointed ambassador at the Hague, in the room of the Earl of Chesterfield, who is on his return home."

"William Cowper, Esq., and the Rev. Mr. John Cowper, chaplain in ordinary to her majesty, and rector of Great Berkhamstead, in the county of Hertford, are appointed clerks of the commissioners of bankruptcy."

"Charles Creagh, Esq., and — Macnamara, Esq., between whom an old grudge of three years had subsisted, which had occasioned their being bound over about fifty times for breaking the peace, meeting in company with Mr. Eyres, of Galloway, they discharged their pistols, and all three were killed on the spot, — to the great joy of their peaceful neighbors, say the Irish papers."

"Wheat is 26s. to 28s., and barley 20s. to 22s. a quarter; three per cents. 92; best loaf sugar,

9 1-4d.; Bohea, 12s. to 14s.; Pekoe, 18s., and Hyson, 35s. per pound."

"At Exon was celebrated with great magnificence the birthday of the son of Sir W. Courtney, Bart., at which more than 1,000 persons were present. A bullock was roasted whole; a butt of wine and several tuns of beer and cyder were given to the populace. At the same time Sir William delivered to his son, then of age, Powdram Castle, and a great estate."

"Charlesworth and Cox, two solicitors, convicted of forgery, stood on the pillory at the Royal Exchange. The first was severely handled by the populace, but the other was very much favored, and protected by six or seven fellows who got on the pillory to protect him from the insults of the mob."

"A boy killed by falling upon iron spikes, from a lamp-post, which he climbed to see Mother Needham stand in the pillory."

"Mary Lynn was burned to ashes at the stake for being concerned in the murder of her mistress."

"Alexander Russell, the foot soldier, who was capitally convicted for a street robbery in January sessions, was reprieved for transportation; but having an estate fallen to him, obtained a free pardon."

"The Lord John Russell married to the Lady Diana Spencer, at Marlborough House. He has a fortune of 30,000*l.* down, and is to have 100,000*l.* at the death of the Duchess Dowager of Marlborough, his grandmother."

"March 1 being the anniversary of the queen's birthday, when her majesty entered the forty-ninth year of her age, there was a splendid appearance of nobility at St. James's. Her majesty was magnificently dressed, and wore a flowered muslin head-edging, as did also her Royal Highness. The Lord Portmore was said to have had the richest dress; though an Italian count had twenty-four diamonds instead of buttons."

New clothes on the birthday were the fashion for all loyal people. Swift mentions the custom several times. Walpole is constantly speaking of it; laughing at the practice, but having the very finest clothes from Paris, nevertheless. If the king and queen were unpopular, there were very few new clothes at the drawing-room. In a paper in the *True Patriot*, No. 3, written to attack the Pretender, the Scotch, French, and Popery, Fielding supposes the Scotch and the Pretender in possession of London, and himself about to be hanged for loyalty, — when, just as the rope is round his neck, he says: "My little girl entered my bed-chamber, and put an end to my dream by pulling open my eyes, and telling me that the tailor had just brought home my clothes for his majesty's birthday." In his *Temple Beau*, the beau is dunned "for a birth-

day suit of velvet, 40*l*." Be sure that Mr. Harry Fielding was dunned too.

The public days, no doubt, were splendid, but the private court life must have been awfully wearisome. "I will not trouble you," writes Hervey to Lady Sundon, "with any account of our occupations at Hampton Court. No mill-horse ever went in a more constant track, or a more unchanging circle; so that by the assistance of an almanac for the day of the week, and a watch for the hour of the day, you may inform yourself fully, without any other intelligence but memory, of every transaction within the verge of the court. Walking, chaises, levées, and audiences fill the morning. At night the king plays at commerce and backgammon, and the queen at quadrille, where poor Lady Charlotte runs her usual nightly gauntlet, the queen pulling her hood, and the Princess Royal rapping her knuckles. The Duke of Grafton takes his nightly opiate of lottery, and sleeps as usual between the Princesses Amelia and Caroline. Lord Grantham strolls from one room to another (as Dryden says), like some discontented ghost that oft appears, and is forbid to speak; and stirs himself about as people stir a fire, not with any design, but in hopes to make it burn brisker. At last the king gets up; the pool finishes; and everybody has their dismissal. Their majesties retire to Lady Charlotte and my Lord Liford; my Lord Grantham, to Lady Frances and Mr. Clark; some to supper, some to bed; and thus the evening and the morning make the day."

The king's fondness for Hanover occasioned all sorts of rough jokes among his English subjects, to whom *sauer-kraut* and sausages have ever been ridiculous objects. When our present Prince Consort came among us, the people bawled out songs in the streets indicative of the absurdity of Germany in general. The sausage-shops produced enormous sausages which we might suppose were the daily food and delight of German princes. I remember the caricatures at the marriage of Prince Leopold with the Princess Charlotte. The bridegroom was drawn in rags. George III.'s wife was called by the people a beggarly German duchess; the British idea being that all princes except British princes were beggarly. King George paid us back. He thought there were no manners out of Germany. Sarah Marlborough once coming to visit the princess, whilst her royal highness was whipping one of the roaring royal children, "Ah!" says George, who was standing by, "you have no good manners in England, because you are not properly brought up when you are young." He insisted that no English cooks could roast, no English coachman could

drive; he actually questioned the superiority of our nobility, our horses, and our roast beef!

Whilst he was away from his beloved Hanover, every thing remained there exactly as in the prince's presence. There were eight hundred horses in the stables, there was all the apparatus of chamberlains, court-marshals, and equerries; and court assemblies were held every Saturday, where all the nobility of Hanover assembled at what I can't but think a fine and touching ceremony. An arm-chair was placed in the assembly-room, and on it the king's portrait. The nobility advanced, and made a bow to the arm-chair, and to the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up; and spoke under their voices before the august picture, just as they would have done had the King Churfürst been present himself.

He was always going back to Hanover. In the year 1729, he went for two whole years, during which Caroline reigned for him in England, and he was not in the least missed by his British subjects. He went again in '35 and '36; and between the years 1740 and 1755 was no less than eight times on the Continent, which amusement he was obliged to give up at the outbreak of the Seven Years' War. Here every day's amusement was the same. "Our life is as uniform as that of a monastery," writes a courtier whom Velse quotes. "Every morning at eleven, and every evening at six, we drive in the heat to Herrenhausen, through an enormous linden avenue; and twice a day cover our coats and coaches with dust. In the king's society there never is the least change. At table, and at cards, he sees always the same faces, and at the end of the game retires into his chamber. Twice a week there is a French Theatre; the other days there is play in the gallery. In this way, were the king always to stop in Hanover, one could make a ten years' calendar of his proceedings; and settle beforehand what his time of business, meals, and pleasure would be."

The old pagan kept his promise to his dying wife. Lady Yarmouth was now in full favor, and treated with profound respect by the Hanover society, though it appears rather neglected in England when she came among us. In 1740, a couple of the king's daughters went to see him at Hanover; Anna, the Princess of Orange (about whom, and whose husband and marriage-day, Walpole and Hervey have left us the most ludicrous descriptions), and Maria of Hesse Cassel, with their respective lords. This made the Hanover court very brilliant. In honor of his high guests, the king gave several *fêtes*; among others, a magnificent masked ball, in the green theatre at Herrenhausen, — the

garden theatre, with linden and box for screen, and grass for a carpet, where the Platens had danced to George and his father, the late sultan. The stage and a great part of the garden were illuminated with colored lamps. Almost the whole court appeared in white dominoes, "like," says the describer of the scene, "like spirits in the Elysian fields." At night, supper was served in the gallery with three great tables, and the king was very merry. After supper dancing was resumed, and I did not get home till five o'clock by full daylight to Hanover. Some days afterwards we had in the opera-house at Hanover, a great assembly. The king appeared in a Turkish dress; his turban was ornamented with a magnificent agraffe of diamonds; the Lady Yarmouth was dressed as a sultana; nobody was more beautiful than the Princess of Hesse." So, while poor Caroline was resting in her coffin, dapper little George, with his red face and his white eyebrows and goggle-eyes, at sixty years of age, is dancing a pretty dance with Madame Walmoden, and capering about dressed up like a Turk! For twenty years more, that little old Bajazet went on in this Turkish fashion, until the fit came which choked the old man, when he ordered the side of his coffin to be taken out, as well as that of poor Caroline's, who had preceded him, so that his sinful old bones and ashes might mingle with those of the faithful creature. O strutting Turkey-cock of Herrenhausen! O naughty little Mahomet, in what Turkish paradise are you now, and where be your painted hours? So Countess Yarmouth appeared as a sultana, and his Majesty in a Turkish dress wore an agraffe of diamonds, and was very merry, was he? Friends! he was your fathers' king as well as mine—let us drop a respectful tear over his grave.

He said of his wife that he never knew a woman who was worthy to buckle her shoe: he would sit alone weeping before her portrait, and, when he had dried his eyes, he

would go off to his Walmoden and talk of her. On the 25th of October, 1760, he being then in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and the thirty-fourth of his reign, his page went to take him his royal chocolate, and behold! the most religious and gracious king was lying dead on the floor. They went and fetched Walmoden; but Walmoden could not wake him. The sacred Majesty was but a lifeless corpse. The king was dead; God save the king! But, of course, poets and clergymen decorously bewailed the late one. Here are some artless verses, in which an English divine deplored the famous departed hero, and over which you may cry or you may laugh, exactly as your humor suits:—

"While at his feet expiring Faction lay,
No contest left but who should best obey;
Saw in his offspring all himself renewed;
The same fair path of glory still pursued;
Saw to young George Augusta's care impart
Whate'er could raise and humanize the heart;
Blend all his grandsire's virtues with his own,
And form their mingled radiance for the throne—
No further blessing could on earth be given—
The next degree of happiness was—heaven!"

If he had been good, if he had been just, if he had been pure in life, and wise in council, could the poet have said much more? It was a parson who came and wept over this grave, with Walmoden sitting on it, and claimed heaven for the poor old man slumbering below. Here was one who had neither dignity, learning, morals, nor wit—who tainted a great society by a bad example; who in youth, manhood, old age, was gross, low, and sensual; and Mr. Porteus, afterwards my Lord Bishop Porteus, says the earth was not good enough for him, and that his only place was heaven! Bravo, Mr. Porteus! The divine who wept these tears over George the Second's memory wore George the Third's lawn. I don't know whether people still admire his poetry or his sermons.

POPE AND HOGARTH.—Some time since, if I remember rightly, some remarks appeared in "N. & Q." on the curious fact that no allusion to Shakspeare is to be found in the writings of his illustrious contemporary Lord Bacon, while to judge from what he has written Bacon himself knew nothing of Shakspeare. I have just been looking through the writings of Pope, in hopes

of finding some reference to his celebrated contemporary Hogarth, but have failed in doing so. Can it be possible that the Bard of Twickenham has never once alluded to the great English painter, or have I overlooked the allusion? If so, reference to any passage in Pope in which Hogarth is mentioned will greatly oblige.

—Notes and Queries.

P. A. H.

From The Colonization Herald.

DESTINY OF THE COLORED RACE.*

THE free blacks, in every part of the United States, and from the commencement of their existence as a separate class, have occupied a position every way peculiar, and certainly not favorable to their general progress. Still, however, while that position has exposed them to many vices and much suffering, and has held out to them most inadequate inducements to high or sustained efforts, it has been attended with certain advantages, which have greatly exceeded those enjoyed during the same period by the bulk of the human race. They have lived by the side and under the shadow of a highly civilized and most energetic race. They have been protected by the freest institution in the world, and have seen the power and value of that which they have not been allowed to enjoy fully. They have received, as a race, through successive generations, a training by which they have been educated in the great duty and art of sustained toil, which, while it is the elemental curse of humanity, is also the elemental point of all its progress; and they have acquired, to a certain degree, all the arts and trades which flourish around them, as the incidents of a high state of social development. They have possessed themselves, to a certain extent, of that which, in a higher sense, we call knowledge; and it would not be true to say of them, as a race, that they are wholly uneducated. The manners, the habits, the wants, and the attainments of a civilization—low as compared with ours, respectable as compared with the average of the human race, and exalted as compared with the bulk of their own race—have been attained by them. And to crown all, the almost universal belief, and to a considerable extent the practice of the Christian religion has become their heritage, in the house of their bitter pilgrimage. Christ and his gospel are in their midst, far more really and substantially than in the midst of many nations we call Christian. If we will consider these things fairly, we cannot doubt that these people are in a condition, if they were but placed in circumstances favoring such a result, to assume a very different position from any they have hitherto occupied. It was a conclusion eminently reasonable and natural, from such premises, that such a race might be colonized, with the utmost certainty of a great and beneficent influence thereby, upon themselves.

The experiment has been made, and has produced, in this sense, more than was prom-

* Part of a Discourse delivered before the Kentucky Colonization Society, by Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, D.D.

ised—perhaps more than was expected. Similar experiments have been made with every considerable race into which the human family is divided, and every part of the earth has been the theatre of these experiments. I think no record exists of any more decidedly successful, or, at a similar stage of it, more hopeful. I believe no instance has occurred in which results more cheering, and apparently more pregnant with further and immense results, have been produced under so many discouragements, with such limited means, and in so short a time; and certainly the progress of no single experiment has been more eminently free from great disasters. We have colonized this race—such as it was—with all the odium which its enemies could accumulate upon its head, and without any attempt on the part of its friends to vindicate or defend it. Silently accepting the character given to it, or, perhaps, too often ourselves testifying too unreservedly to its degradation, our great conclusion has been—let us remove it. We have done so, in sufficient numbers, and for a sufficient length of time, to exhibit clearly the nature of the fruits that will be borne. We have sent ten thousand of them some four thousand miles off, across the ocean. Thirty years have been occupied in doing this. We have done it, almost entirely with our individual resources. We have planted them in their new homes. We have committed to their own hands the administration of their own affairs—the organization of their own social state—the making of their own laws—the establishment of their own forms of government. With the deepest anxiety—yet without the slightest effort to control the result, except by reason—we have watched the progress of our work, as we patiently and steadily urged it forward.

Now we turn to our country, and confidently—might I not almost say proudly?—surely I may say gratefully—invite her to look upon it. There are those people—a free and Christian commonwealth, far off on the verge of human civilization; a small, but an enlightened and well regulated state. Industry prospers amongst them; the arts of common life flourish to a degree; commerce is regularly pursued; trade adopts its established laws; agriculture is establishing its conquests. All the social institutions which adorn and bless life, exist on the model they learned from us. Political institutions like our own are established with a cordial and unanimous consent, and administered with firmness, regularity, and justice. Schools are established, and the young are educated. Churches are erected to the living God, and Christ's gospel is preached to a believing people. Just, brave, and prosperous in peace

and in war, they have followed our great example; they wrong none—they fear none. And now, bound by equal treaties to some of the greatest empires of the earth, they have been received into the family of nations, and their new banner, like another star set in the sable brow of night, flashes along the coast of their fatherland? Yes, it is a child of our country!—outcast it may be—but still a child! And the day will come, when it will vindicate in glory, all that it has won in tears.

In this, as in every analogous case, a change in the condition of these men has wrought a corresponding change in their character. The good that is in them finds ample scope for exercise, and adequate motive for exertion; the evil is no longer pressed with ceaseless temptation, and aggravated by a constant sense of wrong. So it would be, as to all their brethren, situated as they once were. And the simple and truthful recital of what has actually occurred, seems to me to present to every benevolent and enlightened mind, an overwhelming argument in favor of the similar removal of the whole free black race from the United States. This, at least, is within the compass of our means and our authority—this, every view of our duty, and their interest, would seem to suggest.

In the long annals of the human race, there has never existed a powerful and highly civilized state in those immense and fervid regions which lie under the equator—and which, encircling the globe, and extending northward and southward to the tropics, embrace so vast a portion of the earth's surface. Forty-seven degrees of latitude in the central portions of the earth, covering five-sixths of the African continent, three-quarters of South America, the extreme southern portions of Asia and North America, and multitudes of the islands of the sea—amongst them some of the most extensive and fertile of all—have been condemned, since the creation of the world, to be the abode of the ignorant and scattered—for the most part feeble and semi-barbarous—and to a deplorable extent, savage and brutal tribes of men. And yet there was never an era in those protracted annals when the existence of a power of the first class, in any portion of that vast circumference, would not have been an event so decisive in the history of the human race, as to have altered the whole current of their history, and modified the subsequent destiny of the whole race. The grand necessity, this day, of the human family, considered as one great brotherhood—the overpowering want which human progress, considered in its scope, this day exhibits, is the reclamation of that immense circumference, from the reign of ignorance and barbarism, and the

establishment throughout its vast extent of the triumphs which man, elsewhere has won. If it had pleased God to erect, in the central regions of South America, extending from ocean to ocean, a confederacy like ours—or if he had planted it across the bosom of Africa, under the equator—or if he had made Australia the theatre of its glory; how universal and how immeasurable would have been the influence which would have penetrated and pervaded the inter-tropical world—an influence which must have been felt in some degree by the remotest tribes of men! Alas! alas! what would it not have presented—what would it not have achieved!

The imagination is lost in the contemplation of the magnitude and grandeur of the good which, it seems to us, must have followed—and the heart is smitten with astonishment, as it glances over the unfathomable misery which, it would seem, must have been averted! What a lesson of God's patience, and man's folly!

To us has been reserved a portion of this sublime work, on one of its widest theatres. We have planted a civilized State in Africa, under the equator. We have laid the foundations of an empire, whose priceless heritage is a free constitution and an open Bible.

We have done, by God's mercy, what all past ages needed, but could not achieve. Will our country and our age at last comprehend and complete our work? The central continent of the earth, so long buried in darkness, is at length invaded by the true light. Let heaven and earth bear witness against all who may seek to extinguish it.

There is a surprising grandeur in every result to which this work tends. Each of the great divisions of the human family seems destined to a development, in many respects peculiar to itself; and each one has been led through a pupilage, at once fitted to conduct it to the destiny which awaited it, and to prepare it for it. And this pupilage of nations and races has been painful and protracted in the double ratio of their ignorance and degradation when that pupilage began, and the height and duration of the renown to which it was to conduct them. Israel groaned in bondage for more than four centuries, and then pined and expired, under forty years of pilgrimage. But Israel crossed Jordan at last—with a nationality the most marvellous that the world ever saw—which has survived through eighteen centuries, without a country or a government, and under a conspiracy of the human race against it. This is a miraculous nationality, and we look not for the like again. But it was, nevertheless, a nationality created as to second causes, by the events through which Israel passed, and sustained by the hopes

which Israel has cherished. And so every nationality is thus created and thus sustained. And so God leadeth every race onward through its own destiny, till the highest summit any portion of mankind can reach will exhibit the combined result of the highest development that each part had attained. Beyond that there remaineth only, that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of the Lord and his Christ!

The largest, the most enduring, and in all respects the most remarkable example, which history affords us of a race without nationality, and therefore without what could be properly called a distinct civilization, is this black race. And surely the pupilage through which it has passed has been without example bitter and protracted. How much has it not required to prepare it for its final destiny? Shall we therefore say, nothing awaits it? We cannot say this without contradicting all that is true in detail, or profound in conception, in the history of the past. Let us rather believe, that an exalted destiny may be in the career to which it tends. Unto this are all the testimonies of the past—unto this are all the indications of the present. The principles which are at work throughout the earth can scarcely fail to produce it. The exigencies which control all human things, present a combination which can hardly allow it to fail. Slowly—perhaps remotely, yet inevitably—there appear to await the black race a nationality, a civilization, and consequently a share in the affairs of this world, immeasurably different from any thing it has hitherto exhibited.

To us have been reserved, again, an immense, perhaps a controlling portion of this great work. Our colonies in Africa occupy the central portion of that sea-coast of the negro's fatherland, which, so to speak, faces inward to civilization. Behind them, stretching across the continent, are four thousand miles of fertile territory, inhabited, though not densely, in chief part by the black race, in the first stages of an opening civilization. North and south, for at least a thousand miles in each direction, is also a fertile country, inhabited mainly by the same race in a condition similar to that already stated. A land four thousand miles long from west to east, and two thousand miles broad from north to south—larger, by far, than the Roman Empire—the home of the black man, and the grave of all besides—now peopled with more than a hundred millions of inhabitants. All things conspire to the same grand result. The state we have planted is precisely so situated as to receive from without and to propagate within the best influences which all other nations can exert. The immense

race and the vast continent behind this state, and around it, are placed exactly in those circumstances most favorable to the exercise of all such influences from such a quarter. And the state itself has been created, and will be indefinitely augmented, from those materials, which, of all that existed, are the best fitted for this, as well as for all the other great objects connected with African colonization. It is impossible to avoid the conviction, that such causes must be followed by corresponding results. Already they have manifested themselves, and the native population which has voluntarily sought the protection of the colonists, and subjected themselves to the genial control of their laws, is represented to be about twenty times more numerous than the colonists themselves. We have sent out ten thousand colonists; but their laws and institutions are respected, and to a good degree obeyed by 200,000 persons. Imagine a like result—but even in a much lower degree—produced by every ten thousand additional colonists sent out—or, if it be thought more rational, by every twenty-five years of effort. How manifest is it, that before we shall have removed the mass of our free black population, or before a single century shall have elapsed, a powerful nation will have been created, and the ultimate redemption of the black race in Africa placed on a footing as secure as that on which the prosperity of any existing state rests! Or, if any one thinks proper to do so, let him double, triple, quadruple the time, the toil, and the risk. In the creation of an empire—in the redemption of a race—in the regeneration of a continent—in the consummation of a work whose benefits all nations will reap, and from which no evil can arise to any human being, we can well afford to toil long, to risk much, and wait God's time. We set before our hearts sublime ends; and rejoicing in our day, over such fruits as our works may bear, we point to the luminous track, in which they who are to follow us should tread, and rejoice the more, that they shall reap far more abundantly than we.

The slavery of two millions of human beings is a question of awful magnitude, and invests all that can be supposed to bear upon it, even indirectly, with an importance which no thoughtful mind can disregard. The fate of five hundred thousand free blacks, and their posterity forever, is a matter which no one—and especially no one situated as we are—can lightly pass over. The destiny of one hundred and fifty millions of blacks, concentrated chiefly in Africa, and abiding still in heathen degradation, if not barbarism, cannot be contemplated with indifference by

any pious heart. The duty, the interests, the danger, and the glory of our own country, as connected with all these great questions, challenge the consideration of every wise and patriotic man. And the general influence of them all, and the effects of any course he may take in regard to them—all the consequences of all that may befall us, for good or ill, by reason of them—all these things, considered in their bearings upon the career and destiny of the human race, present subjects of inquiry, whose very magnitude oppresses us. The kingdom of God in the world—the salvation of at least the eighth part of the human race, and that a part most peculiarly committed in trust to us—these are topics which ought to lie immediately upon the Christian heart. Now, every one of these thrilling subjects enters more or less into every fair and complete consideration of the question of the black race, and of the cause and claims of African colonization, as bearing upon that question. Surely, they do not err who say, that taken in all its extent, the question of African colonization is one of the grandest and most fruitful which this generation has been required to determine.

Thirty-two years ago—before I had arrived at man's estate—I had occasion to examine this great topic, at the period of its first presentation for public patronage, and before ulterior steps had been very decisively taken. Struck with the grandeur, the simplicity, the completeness, and the feasibility of the great and humane conception, I have never ceased to cherish the profoundest interest and confidence in this cause. I

have witnessed all the vicissitudes, all the changes of opinion, all the varying aspects of the question, during those two and thirty years, and am somewhat familiar with what has been done, both in this country and Africa, during that long period, and with the public and personal history of most of the principal actors, in all that has occurred. Fortified by an experience of this description, and by the observations and reflections of so many years, I solemnly declare that the more I have examined the principles which are involved, and the more I have observed their practical results, the more has the subject seemed to me to be invested with unanswerable reasons challenging our cordial support, and exalted motives, commanding our earnest sympathy. I deem such a testimony more valuable than any argument from me, and therefore give it. And whatever weight it may be thought to have, deserves to be increased by the fact, that I have never had a constant or an intimate connection with any of the societies organized to promote this cause, and have seen much to disapprove in much that has been done. It is the great cause—and not all the modes of its manifestation, nor all the methods of its advocacy, nor all the acts of its chief managers—that I have vindicated through good report and ill report. And it is that I now avouch, from my inmost soul, to be the cause of justice, humanity, and wisdom—the cause of living hope to a vast and suffering race—the cause of my country's prosperity and renown—and, above all, of my Master's glory!

CAN any of your correspondents kindly inform me where I may find the following lines?—

"She took the cup of life to sip;
Too bitter 'twas to drain;
She put it gently from her lip,
And fell to sleep again."

The following words, or at least words of similar meaning, I heard quoted as from an old divine. Where may they be found?—

"Humility deepens through all eternity, and is greater before the glory of the throne, than in the dust of the footstool."

In the Bible we read, "Perfect love casteth out fear." Can any of your readers help me to any passage of similar import in our English poets, showing that as love increases, jealousy and suspicion decrease?—*Notes and Queries.*

LIBYA.

Who is the author of the following lines?—

"Be pleased and satisfied with what thou art:
Act well thine own allotted part.
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the
past,

Nor wish, nor fear the coming of the last."
—*Notes and Queries.* W. J. S.

1. "WORDS are fools' pence, and the wise man's counters."

2. "I'll make assurance doubly sure."*

3. "Thus fools mistake reverse of wrong for right."—*Pope.*

4. "Politeness is benevolence in trifles."

5. "Nunquam periculum sine periculo vincitur."

6. "Call not the royal Swede unfortunate."

—*Notes and Queries.*

* *Macbeth*, Act IV. Sc. 1.—Ed. "N. & Q."

From The Examiner.

Lucile. By Owen Meredith, Author of "The Wanderer," "Clytemnestra," etc. Chapman and Hall.

Three narrative poems have appeared during the season now closing, namely, *Lucile*, by the writer signing himself Owen Meredith, *Virginia's Hand*, by Miss Power, and *A Man's Heart*, by Dr. Mackay. Of the numerous volumes of minor poetry few have risen above the monotony of undistinguished cleverness; two or three, however, including Mr. Stigant's *Vision of Barbarossa*, have been worth reserving for a word of welcome. Add to the list the poem of *St. Stephen's*, some of Mrs. Browning's poems on Italy, and the new matter in Mr. Landor's *Hellenics*, and in this branch of literature the chief gains of the season are enumerated. But the gain is great that includes a work like *Lucile*, rich in the overflow of a luxuriant fancy, and, more than any of its author's former works, ripe with a sense of what is true in character and life.

Until the book has been read fairly through, however, its right to the praise of truth may appear somewhat questionable. The story is defined, at the close of its first part, as a drama in which the actors are the Heart and the World. It is

"The chant of man's heart, with its ceaseless endeavor;
As old as the song which the sea sings forever."

It is the author's purpose, in the earlier portion of the poem, to show under the conventionalities of the world of fashion hearts panting and pining; and, perhaps inseparable from such a plan, there are many indications at the outset of a feeling not altogether sound or true. It is not until we have advanced far enough to enter into the whole spirit of the design, in spite of some fine strains of healthy feeling which should serve to reassure us, that we find it easy to be quite free from distrust. Everybody is a demonstrator of his or her own moral anatomy. Lucile, while we know her only as a fascinating French widow, with the lover of her youth engaged to marry some one else, and falling into difficult relations with the polished and worldly duke who is her suitor, suggests an old French friend whom we perpetually meet in comedy and novel, and do not greatly esteem. When Lucile says

"I have burned out within me the fuel of life.
Wherefore lingers the flame? Rest is sweet
after strife.
I would sleep for a while. I am weary."

and when the hero and his innocent wife are represented as having

"Grown weary ere half thro' the journey of life,"
we are tempted to feel in the poem what its author condemns in a society without freshness of enjoyment:

"—Wherever we turn, and whatever we do,
"Still, that horrible sense of the déjà connu!"

So, when Lucile re-appears in the second part of the poem, we are told that under her pale beauty

"There yawned an insatiate void, and there
heaved
A tumult of restless regrets unrelieved."

—but we read on and the void is filled, the restless regrets are still forever. The hearts of the young husband and wife, prematurely old and weary, become fresh and warm again; the conventional duke, gay leader of fashion outwardly, and inwardly moral volcano, becomes through honest work and noble suffering a hero; and in Lucile herself, developed with all the riches of the author's feeling and fancy, we have his highest and purest embodiment of intellect and virtue. First subduing her own nature, she is content to spend all the treasures of her life and genius in offices of well doing, and from the heart of a woman thoroughly true and good, and ever ready for self-sacrifice, she finally diffuses health and strength into the hearts of all around her. Her story, told with a wealth of imagery and a charm of language that only a very few poets of our century have equalled, is of a woman's conquests in their grandest sense. Hers was

"The mission of genius on earth! To uplift,
Purify, and confirm by its own gracious gift,
The world in despite of the world's dull endeavor
To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it
forever.

The mission of genius: to watch and to wait,
To renew, to redeem, and to regenerate.

The mission of woman on earth! to give
birth

To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.

The mission of woman: permitted to bruise

The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,

Through the sorrow and sin of earth's registered curse,

The blessing which mitigates all: born to nurse,

And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal

The sick world that leans on her. This was
Lucile."

It is a story meant to tell us that

"No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its
strife

And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the Throne,
And gaze into the face that makes glorious their
own,

Know this, surely, at last. Honest love, honest
sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the
morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand
they make weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave
dreary?

Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the
Spirit
Echo: He that o'ercometh shall all things in-
herit."

A little too much stress may probably be
laid to the last upon the weariness of life,
but the true cure for it is also manfully as-
serted. The poem opens with such pictures
of the world as might have been presented
by Lord Byron, and in verse bright with a
richness of fancy and a facility of expression
which Byron himself has rarely surpassed;
but it rises to heights of its own, when, in
its later scenes, it responds to empty plaints
of sentiment with a brave call to Christian
duty. The lightness and persiflage of the
earlier cantos, in which there is yet a light-
ness and vividness of touch, joined to a
keenness and truth of observation and char-
acter, which we should vainly look for in any
other living poet, are more than counter-
balanced by the solemn feeling and earnest
teaching into which the poem deepens at its
close. Over the bed of the wounded and
heart-broken soldier—Alfred Vargrave's son
—whom she is nursing and comforting, thus
Lucile teaches:—

" 'Trust to me!' (His two feeble hands in
her own
She drew gently.) 'Trust to me!' (she said,
with soft tone):

'I am not so dead in remembrance to all
I have died to in this world, but what I recall
Enough of its sorrow, enough of its trial,
To grieve for both—save from both haply!

The dial
Receives many shades, and each points to the
sun.

The shadows are many, the sunlight is one.
Life's sorrows still fluctuate: God's love does
not.

And his love is unchanged, when it changes
our lot.

Looking up to this light, which is common to
all,

And down to these shadows, on each side,
that fall

In time's silent circle, so various for each,
Is it nothing to know that they never can
reach

So far, but what light lies beyond them for-
ever?

Trust to me! Oh, if in this hour I endeavor
To trace the shade creeping across the young
life

Which, in prayer till this hour, I have watched
through in strife.

With the shadow of death, 'tis with this faith
alone,

That, in tracing the shade, I shall find out the
sun.

Trust to me!"

As to other poets of our day, so to the au-
thor of *Lucile*, the rough trials of war are
not without their healthfulness and use. His
poem closes on the battle field of the Crimea,
whose heroes it apostrophizes:—

"And you

Whom this song cannot reach with its transient
breath,

Deaf ears that are stopped with the brown dust
of death,

Blind eyes that are dark to your own deathless
glory,

Silenced hearts that are heedless to praise mur-
mured o'er ye,

Sleep deep! Sleep in peace! Sleep in mem-
ory ever!

Wrapt, each soul in the deeds of its deathless
endeavor,

Till that great final peace shall be struck through
the world;

Till the stars be recalled, and the firmament
furled

In the dawn of a daylight undying; until
The signal of Sion be seen on the hill

Of the Lord; when the day of the battle is done,
And the conflict with time by eternity won!

"Till then, while the ages roll onward, through
war,

Toil, and strife, must roll with them this turbu-
lent star.

And man can no more exclude war, than he can
Exclude sorrow; for both are conditions of man,

And agents of God. Truth's supreme revela-
tions

Come in sorrow to men, and in war come to na-
tions.

Then blow, blow the clarion! and let the war
roll!

And strike steel upon steel, and strike soul upon
soul,

If, in striking, we kindle keen flashes and bright
From the manhood in man, stricken thus into
light."

And again, in the same wholesome strain,
this doctrine is taught by Lucile:—

" 'I am but a woman, and France
Has for me simpler duties. Large hope, though,
Eugène

De Luvois, should be yours. There is purpose
in pain,

Otherwise it were devilish. I trust in my soul
That the great master hand which sweeps over
the whole

Of this deep harp of life, if at moments it stretch
To shrill tension some one wailing nerve, means
to fetch

Its response the truest, most stringent, and
smart,

Its pathos the purest, from out the wrong heart,
Whose faculties, flaccid it may be, if less
Sharply strung, sharply smitten, had failed to
express

Just the one note the great final harmony needs.
And what best proves there's life in a heart?—
that it bleeds!

Grant a cause to remove, grant an end to attain,
Grant both to be just, and what mercy in pain!"

We are extremely limited in our space for extract, and we have preferred to take such passages, by no means the best in point of poetry, which most strikingly express the author's moral design and purpose. But the range of thought and feeling displayed throughout the poem is very wide. There is the lightest social raillery, there is sound and truthful satire, and there is the manliest earnestness in dealing with questions of human life. There is a full sense of the poetry of nature in the earth and sky, varying between playful garden pictures and expression of the grandeur of the mountains or the glory of the sunrise and the sunset. Nor can the writing of such a poem have failed to give to its author some of that reward of genius worthily described in the one passage more that we must find room to quote. If the reward of work were but the praise it wins, he tells us—

"Thrice better, Næra, it were
Unregarded to sport with thine odorous hair,
Untroubled to lie at thy feet in the shade
And be loved, while the roses yet bloom over-
head,

Than to sit by the lone hearth, and think the
long thought,

A severe, sad, blind schoolmaster, envied for
nought

Save the name of John Milton! For all men,
indeed,

Who in some choice edition may graciously read,
With fair illustration, and erudite note,

The song which the poet in bitterness wrote,
Beat the poet, and notably beat him, in this—

The joy of the genius is theirs, while they miss
The grief of the man: Tasso's song—not his
madness!

Dante's dreams—not his waking to exile and
sadness!

Milton's music—but not Milton's blindness! . .

"Yet rise,

My Milton, and answer, with those noble eyes
Which the glory of heaven hath blinded to earth!
Say—the life, in the living it, savors of worth:

That the deed, in the doing it, reaches its aim:
That the fact has a value apart from the fame:
That a deeper delight, in the mere labor, pays
Scorn of lesser delights, and laborious days:
And Shakspeare, though all Shakspeare's writ-
ings were lost,

And his genius, though never a trace of it crossed
Posterity's path, not the less would have dwelt
In the isle with Miranda, with Hamlet have felt
All that Hamlet hath uttered, and haply where,
pure

On its death-bed, wronged love lay, have moaned
with the Moor!"

Before we part from a book that contains such noble promise of another poet to our country, we may call slight attention to occasional blemishes on its surface, arising from what we cannot but hold to be a departure from the sound theory of poetical composition. Question as to the relative advantages of rhyme and blank verse in a long metrical story that demands extreme variety of expression, and has no affinity to the old ballad tales, we shall not raise; but in our belief the discussion would necessarily turn upon the same ground taken in Dryden's time for discussion of the rhymed and unrhymed drama, and would finally be decided, as that was practically decided, against rhyme. But the essential nature of verse, rhymed or unrhymed, is the same. By providing a fixed system of pauses and modulations of the voice it ensures a place of emphasis for every emphatic word, and thus gives to expression a peculiar vigor. One of these places of emphasis is the last word in a line, and no good English poet until these days ever marred his verse by putting unessential words into this prominent position. Neither does the author of *Lucile*, as our extracts will have shown, when he puts on his singing robes; but he appears too hastily to have accepted the doctrine that a story in verse should in its lighter passages be only metrical prose, and that it can be made colloquial simply by violation of the fundamental theory of verse. This is, of course, fighting vainly against nature. The mechanism of the verse must and will make its usual emphasis, and nothing is obtained but the jar of emphasis in the wrong place by such division as

"forever at hide
And seek with our souls—"

or,

"thinking of those
Strange backgrounds of Raphael."

As rhymed verse gives to the last word of each line a double claim on attention, the defect here is even more to be avoided than in

blank verse, to the vigor of which also it is yet always fatal.

We have probably indicated, in these few words, what may serve to intercept from this poem, for the present at least, the full acceptance and praise to which on every other ground it is entitled. Its claims are too marked and various, however, not to obtain ultimate recognition. This may come when

the author shall have determined his place in poetry by more matured productions; but it will come not less surely even if he should not publish again. For *Lucile* is remarkable for what it is, and not merely for the promise it contains. We know of no such performance of surpassing merit in English verse which has not sooner or later found fit and sympathizing audience.

MEDIEVAL RHYMES.—In a MS. in the British Museum (Harleian, No. 275) occurs the following curious mixture of English and Latin rhymes. One would almost suppose that the lines of the canticle were intended to be sung alternately by the laity and clergy:—

"Joyne all now in thys feste
ffor Verbum caro factum est.

"Jhesus almyghty king of blys
Assumpsit carnem Virginis;
He was ev' and ev'more ys
Consors p'rni lumis.

"All holy church of hym mak mynd
Intravit ventris thalamum;
ffrom heven to erthe to save mankynd
Pater misit filium.

"To Mary came a messanger,
fferens salm homini;
And she answered w' myld chere,
Ecce ancilla Domini.

"The myght of the holy goste
Palacium intrans uteri;
Of all thyng mekenesse is moste
In conspectu Altissimi.

"When he was borne that made all thyng
Pastor creator oium;
Angellis then began to syng
Veni redemptor gentium.

"Thre kynges come the xii day
Stellâ nitente previâ;
To seke the kyng they toke the way
Bajulantes munera.

"A storre furth ledde the kynges all
Inquirentes Dominum;
Lygging in an ox stall
Invenerunt puerum.

"For he was kyng of kyngis ay
Primus rex aurâ optulit;

ffor he was God and Lord verray
Secundus rex thus protulit,

"ffor he was man; the thyrd kyng
Incensum pulcrum tradidit:
He us all to hys blys bryng
Qui mori cunctos voluit."

—Notes and Queries. JOHN WILLIAMS.

ALLEGED INTERPOLATIONS IN THE "TE DEUM."—In the course of the discussions on this subject which have appeared in "N. and Q.," reference has been made to an imitation of the "Te Deum," in the shape of a hymn to the Blessed Virgin—"We praise thee, Mother of God; we acknowledge thee to be Virgin Mary" (Te Matrem Dei laudamus, te Mariam Virginem confitemur). This imitation has been generally attributed to St. Bonaventure, and appears as part of the "Psalter of the Blessed Virgin," also supposed to be his. I observe, however, that your correspondent F. C. H. says in unqualified terms, "this 'parody' on the *Te Deum* is falsely ascribed to St. Bonaventure." Will F. C. H. be so obliging as to state his grounds for this assertion? I am aware that Alban Butler says in a note "The psalter of the Blessed Virgin is falsely ascribed to St. Bonaventure, and unworthy to bear his name." Butler adds "See Fabricius in Biblioth. med. ætat. Bellarmin and Labbe de Script. Eccl. Nat. Alexander, Hist. Eccl. Sæc. 13:" but on an examination of these authorities, nothing is found, to bear out Butler's assertion. See the evidence examined at length in King's *Psalter of the B. V. Mary illustrated*, Dublin, 1840, p. 48, etc.

VEDETTE.

An "improved" recension of the Prayer Book, published for the Unitarians in 1820, contains an expurgated version of the *Te Deum*, from which the clauses invoking the Holy Trinity are left out, or so modified as to be neutralized. Are there any other examples of this kind of dealing with that ancient hymn?

—Notes and Queries.

B. H. C.

From The Englishwoman's Journal.
MR. FRANKLAND'S MARRIAGE.

I HAVE passed my life as a dressmaker, going about among some of the best families in L—. One of my most constant employers was a Mrs. Dashwood, a worldly and fashionable woman with a large family.

Among her many sons and daughters, though apparently not of them, was a young man of far different character. This young gentleman's mother (sister to Mr. Dashwood) had married unfortunately, lost her husband the first year of her marriage, and, dying herself ten years after, left her only child, a penniless orphan, to her brother's charge, who had not entirely neglected the trust. But, at the outset of life, poor young Frankland had been attacked with a long illness, which, though yielding to medical treatment, saddled him for life with a perceptible lameness, and a something peculiar and quaint in his manner. His cousins called him "poor George." Poor George was glad to be content with a clerkship in a good office at the humble salary of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, with which he paid his aunt for his board, and put by something for charity. He was of a lower and slighter make than his fashionable cousins, and, by the side of theirs, his clothes looked but old-fashioned; nevertheless his face could not be seen without exciting interest. Sad to plaintiveness as it was, there was an expression of manly endurance upon his countenance which redeemed it from all morbidness, and there was no mistaking the refinement and kindliness of his heart. The servants all liked him, and he never met me on the stairs, or anywhere, without some courteous remark. I used to notice, too, what a pleasant way he had with the children during his frequent visits to the schoolroom, calling forth their intelligence with unaffected simplicity, or checking their passions with a certain quiet wisdom peculiarly his own. The schoolroom was always appropriated to me and my work; I suppose in recollection of the time, not so long ago, when I had seen better days.

It was an agreeable surprise to me to find, on returning to Mrs. Dashwood, after their usual summer absence, that the former supercilious governess was gone, and a new young lady in her place, who greeted me with a pleasant smile, set a chair for me, and cleared a space for my work at the other end of the table next the fire. This young lady was not pretty, but she was a fresh, sweet-tempered looking creature, with clear, loving eyes, and the brightest smile I ever saw. It was a pleasure even to hear her cheerful voice with the children. After the children's tea, Miss Woodville, that was the new governess' name,

had to see that her charge were nicely dressed to appear at dessert down stairs, then delivering them over into the hands of the nurse, her day's work was at length over, and she sat down to enjoy herself. I came back to the schoolroom from superintending the smoothing of some trimmings, and found her with a book in her hand. This she laid aside at once on my appearance, and taking out her work, evidently set herself to be sociable, and do the honors of her little kingdom. She won my heart at once by speaking of my mother. Her aunt, she said, had often mentioned her with great respect, and she insinuated, with the most delicate tact in the world, that she knew how different was my original rank from that which I now held. Then we talked about the children, concerning whom and their characters she had theories without end. Next the conversation turned to books, and she told me the tale of the novel she was reading in such a pretty way that it was as good as reading the book itself. I was engaged to work for Mrs. Dashwood the whole of this week, and, at the end of that time, a real friendship had sprung up between myself and Miss Woodville. Women see through each other so clearly, that they can scarcely be in the same house any length of time without a downright like or dislike.

Miss Woodville was a poor orphan, destined from her cradle to be a governess. When I became acquainted with her, she had been teaching ten years, having begun at the early age of sixteen. She had no expectations of any happier lot, but was content, with instinctive love, to trust her future to her God. Her pride did not revolt at the idea of serving. She had known much adversity, but she did not think she deserved a brighter lot. People were often kind to her, then she enjoyed music so much, and reading, and had she not the gift of writing verses? Of this power it must be confessed she was not a little vain, and loved to give a copy of her odes on any trifling occasion; but if this vanity were a tare among the wheat, it was such a harmless, pretty weed, and made so gay the barren soil of her life, that methinks the angel-reaper even would pass it lightly by. I never knew a creature more capable of enjoyment than was this child of adversity, or one more gifted with a grateful temper, making the most of the faintest bit of pleasure. Sweet Susan Woodville! would that all were as happy in their prosperity as thou wert in thy lowly lot!

When I worked for Mrs. Dashwood, the only time Miss Woodville and I had to be together was when the children had gone to bed; and how keenly we enjoyed that time! Sometimes I would give her hints on her wonderful projects for making up a new dress,

or for converting an old one into quite a capital garment; sometimes she would sing her pretty ballads to me, or we would read aloud. One evening when we were indulging ourselves with the last-named pleasure, and Miss Woodville, who had a sweetly modulated voice, was reading the "Vicar of Wakefield" to me, I happened to look up and perceived Mr. Frankland standing in the doorway. As he caught my eye, he entered the room with many apologies.

"I happened, ladies, to catch a few words of my old friend, the Vicar, and I could not resist listening, as I thought I should not disturb you. However, as the disturbance has been made, pray let me join the admiring circle round my old friend. Am I intrusive?" added he, addressing Miss Woodville, who with some embarrassment had half closed her volume.

"Oh no, sir!" she replied, fearing to have wounded him, for she had often remarked with commiseration the lonely and despised position of the poor lame gentleman in the family; "oh no, sir, we shall gladly welcome any friend of good Dr. Primrose!"

And she then rose and set him a chair, for she loved to play the hostess in her little parlor. The reading recommenced, our reader soon resumed her animation, and so interested were we, that I lingered an hour after the proper time of my departure.

"Well, Miss Woodville," said Mr. Frankland, rising as I moved to leave, "a very good story, but a sad moral after all has Goldsmith given us."

"A sad moral!" repeated we both, breathlessly.

"Yes, after all their trials and troubles, he has only the old commonplace to reward the Primrose family with,—marriage! Such a hackneyed reward! always the same in all books, no matter what the merit of hero or heroine."

"Yet you listened with much interest to this hackneyed end?" returned Miss Woodville, roguishly.

"So much so, that I want to know whether I may attend to-morrow's reading?"

"Yes, if you will pay your footing, if you will read to us yourself. You see, Miss Wilson," remarked Susan, as soon as Mr. Frankland was gone, "Mr. Frankland is such a confirmed bachelor that there can be no harm in these little visits of his."

Mr. Frankland read to us the evening following, and the next. When I again came to work at Mrs. Dashwood's he entered the schoolroom with a hesitating manner.

"Now, ladies," he said, "I know this is your holiday time, you must please deal frankly with me, and declare in plain terms whether my presence be irksome to you? It

would deeply grieve me to deprive you of your leisure; for perhaps I am a check upon the discussion of many feminine topics. If so, do not scruple to tell me; you know I am used to spend my evenings alone, so pray speak as you feel."

He had evidently strung his mind to say this much, in his formal quaint way, no doubt expecting that, if his society were not agreeable to Miss Woodville, that kind tongue of hers would frame itself to tell him so. But I am sure that Susan had honestly no dilemma of the kind. A more delicate one beset her woman's wit: how should she manage not to appear too eager for his company? So now Miss Woodville, who had never spoken before but from the impulse of her heart, got up a little scheme, and, turning the tables on Mr. Frankland, charged him with being wearied of our company, and so contriving this excuse for not again boring himself with it. It was wonderful how easy Mr. Frankland became a victim to so very palpable an intrigue. He was so nervously eager to disprove her words, that his anxiety fluttered him out of the power of using any of his long words and somewhat quaintly ceremonious phrases. He stammered out that Miss Woodville was utterly wrong in the construction she had put upon his words, because the evenings spent in her company were, were—*What* they were, he never said, but oh, the unfinished sentences are the prettiest tell-tales!

Not to make my story too minute, Mr. Frankland only left the room to seek a favorite book to read to us. As soon as he was gone, Miss Woodville, looking terribly conscious, but very happy, said, with a silly little cough, though trying to speak with great indifference:

"You know, Jane, we could not be so rude as to say we did not wish for his company, and you seem to enjoy his reading so much."

"Oh, yes, very much, indeed," demurely replied I.

Mr. Frankland returned with Thomson's "Seasons." How very odd, it was exactly the poetry *one* of his audience loved the best! He read his favorite passages, and then Susan remembered one very dear to her, so, at his request, the book passed from his hand to hers, and she read the lines with a voice that trembled a little, but was not a whit less sweet for that, nor less set off by the timid blush which painted her cheek when busy instinct told her (despite her down-cast eyes) that a tender gaze was reading the page of her open, artless brow. Then he resumed the book. Did she remember the close of "Spring?" Did she? She could not be certain, she had not read "Spring" very lately. Ah, Susan Woodville, shrewdly do

I suspect that every word of a description so ineffably lovely, so enchanting to woman's yearning, timid heart, was engraven on thy memory! Should he read it to her? Oh, yes, certainly! He read with that grave sweetness which imparted so peculiar a charm to his otherwise ordinary person, and as he read, that pretty blush stole back, and, no longer flitting away, took up its station steadily on Susan's cheek.

The next day, Miss Woodville told me that Mr. Franklin, having discovered through the children that she wrote poetry, had persuaded her to let him see some of her productions. It would be an unspeakable advantage to her, she thought, because he was so clever, and had promised to criticise every line with great severity. She had not thought it right to refuse his offer. He was coming to return her poems, and tell her all the faults in them. "So expect to see me savagely mangled, Jane!" added she, with a smile.

Well, Mr. Frankland was true to his appointment, and they sat down to their task, he armed with all critical gravity, she ready to defend and explain. To do them justice, some faults were pointed out, and some very gentle excuses given; but I listened vainly for "savagely mangling." The tone of criticism rapidly relaxed, they began to read together, to admire together, and the poetry, like all other things, became a delicious meeting-place for thought, for fancy, for opinion.

Women must certainly learn the language of love instinctively: how well did I comprehend in Miss Woodville why her eye was so dreamy ever and anon, as the children repeated their lessons to her, the sudden flurried resumption of attention, her long silences as we sat together, or the deep sigh and the "Oh, dear, but it is a strange world, Jane!" that broke them. I was amused at the surprising turns which would bring the conversation from the remotest topics somehow to George Frankland. "Jane," she said, innocently, one day, "I think you are always talking of Mr. Frankland!"

At last, my engagement with Mrs. Dashwood ending, I saw and heard nothing of Miss Woodville for some weeks. You will not wonder that I often pondered on the progress of affairs between her and Mr. Frankland, nor that I rejoiced to receive a summons to North Street. I was cordially received by Miss Woodville, but of course had no time for conversation till the evening, when Susan, coming and sitting down by my side, unable as a child to keep her happiness any longer to herself, began—

"Oh, Jane, I am so happy! You cannot guess what has happened."

"Perhaps I can. Are you invited to spend

your holidays with your old pupils in Cornwall?"

"No, no! something better. But I know you can never guess unless I give you a little hint! There is a wedding in question. You know the parties."

"And the gentleman's name is Frankland, and the lady's Woodville? Am I wrong?"

"How *could* you guess so soon? But it is true, quite true? Can you wonder that I am so happy, Jane?"

Her face was radiant with blushes, and love and happiness: who could refuse to rejoice with this little governess, hitherto all alone and neglected? Not I. I begged her to tell me how the event came about.

"Well, then, Jane, after you left us, I saw more and more of Mr. Frankland, somehow we were continually meeting, when something was sure to be said so interesting, that I thought of it till we met again. I told myself I should never be fit to teach if this went on. Well, one Sunday—do not think me very wicked!—thoughts and anxieties about Mr. Frankland kept tormenting me all church-time, so that I determined to stay at home in the evening, which the children were to spend with their grandmamma, and see whether reading to myself would not bring me into a better frame of mind. So I went to the schoolroom, and sought to persuade myself that I shut out the world as I closed the door; when who should come knocking at the door, but that very bit of the world that had done all the mischief."

"Mr. Frankland, in short," interposed I.

"Well, Jane, it was. He looked very awkward, and so did I. Indeed I was such a bewildered goose, that I never asked him to walk in, till, looking very sad and grave, he said, 'Perhaps I intrude, Miss Woodville?' Then I was so grieved to have hurt him, that I recovered my self-possession at once, and welcomed him in quite properly, Jane. Well, he sat down by my side, and looked very kindly at me. I wore my white dress and blue ribbons, and I rather think—do not laugh at me—that they become me, Jane. 'Did Miss Wilson make this pretty gown?' inquired he. You may be sure that I cleared you from such a disgrace! 'I am certainly ignorant,' said he, 'of flounces, and skirts, and tuckers, in which you ladies vie with each other, but I love to see a woman wear white, it reminds me of the white robes of the angels, and would seem to imply that women imitated them, outwardly, at least!' After a while, he said he should esteem it a great favor if I would consent that we should read the Bible together. For my very life I could not refuse, Jane. Think of the happiness of reading the Bible with him. He asked to

read it in alternate verses, as he used to do with his mother when a child, but never since. He had never wished to do so with any one, but this evening I reminded him of his mother as she used to look on Sunday evenings in her white dress, and as he pictured her an angel in heaven. Oh, Jane, I am ashamed to repeat all this! I asked him which was his mother's favorite psalm, which we read, and then mine. Between whiles he told me much of his mother; 'Pardon me,' he said, 'but she was my bosom friend, the only one I have had all my life, until —' he did not finish his sentence, and we sat silent, yet we seemed better companions than when we were talking. At last he spoke, 'How happy we are, Susan!' Oh, Jane, what strange happiness, and yet what trouble, sprang up in my heart to hear him call me 'Susan'; you know I have been 'Miss Woodville' to every one all my life, and he said it so tenderly. Yet I burst into tears—did you ever hear of any thing so silly? Mr. Frankland asked very gravely, 'Are you angry with me, Miss Woodville?' I could not utter a single syllable, but only cried the more. No wonder he soon rose, and went away. Then all was worse than before, I cried twice as much to think how unkindly I had behaved. A whole fortnight passed away, and he never once came to see me. Oh, how sick I grew, evening after evening, listening for the footsteps which never came!

"At last I determined to try to do my duty and forget my hopes; it was but going back to where I was before. Ah, that weary going back! I took up the arithmetic book one evening when recollections happened to be very troublesome, and set myself to prepare some sums, for they would require all my thoughts. The door opened, I glanced up, there was Mr. Frankland! Jane, you never saw that expression of his, so grave and determined. 'Miss Woodville, I must have some conversation with you; will you listen to me?' My heart was in my throat, but I conquered my foolish tremors, and answered, as bold as a lion, that I was glad to see him. 'I have been a very unhappy man for the last fortnight, Miss Woodville; do you care to hear wherefore?' These words, so low and grave, made me tremble like an aspen leaf. 'Yes, if you please,' was all the reply I could frame. 'Do you remember that I called you Susan?' here his voice shook. 'You appeared offended. I believed that, by grasping too much for a poor lame fellow like me, I had lost the friendship that made me so happy. You wept, your gentle heart bled to give me pain, and I resolved I would never bring another tear into those dear eyes, but compelled myself to stay away from you. I have borne many bitter trials,' he went on,

in almost a whisper, 'but none so sharp as this! At last, catching at a straw, it occurred to me, perhaps you were not angry, perhaps you would forgive me. Was I wrong? Will you forgive me?' 'I was never angry,' but as I said the words my face grew scarlet, feeling *what* I had said. Then he came closer, and said in a tone so soft, so earnest, so troubled, 'But do you know I cannot stop here, I cannot call you Miss Woodville again? Must I go away, and never see you more?' My heart beat so fast I could not speak, indeed I could not! 'Did I terrify you? does it grieve you so much to bid me go? I will never pain you more. God bless you, Susan.' The unspeakable sorrow in his voice made me brave against every thing. 'Stay,' I whispered, 'call me Susan, call me —' I did not say *your* Susan, but he understood me, and he said — oh, Jane! I can tell you no more, but you will believe now how all trouble seems to have gone from us forever."

I could, indeed. But my story has run such a length, that I must not linger any more on this humble, happy courtship. Mrs. Dashwood made no objection to the match, further than sneering at the "poor, romantic simpletons." She, however, expressed her dislike at long engagements in her house, and the lovers were not unwilling to hasten matters. The marriage was to take place in six weeks. Mr. Frankland had a small legacy laid by, which he took to buy the furniture, though his aunt pronounced it "too ludicrous!" Miss Woodville's little savings procured her wardrobe, the house linen, and a tea service. *How* she managed to get so much out of her savings, I could never understand! Certainly her *trousseau* (as she always called it) was plainer than some housemaids', and she had a happy art of convincing herself that whatever she had, she really liked best. Simplicity was so much more elegant than finery. Yet I suspected, had her means been different, she would have liked what was pretty as well as any little bride, so I made her an elegant wedding bonnet, instead of the much-lauded puritan straw. The present was received with sparkling eyes, and was the sole marriage gift they had, I believe, save sundry clever cushions made by her little pupils who loved her dearly. The Miss Dashwoods were really "very sorry," but they were too poor, with all their gayeties, to afford presents. I dressed the bride (and very sweet and pretty had she grown in my eyes) in her white muslin dress, and beautiful bouquet of hot-house flowers given by Mr. Tom Dashwood, who had taken some interest in the love affair of the "poor devils," as he called them.

Mrs. Frankland has made me promise to come the very first spare afternoon I should

have after her marriage to drink tea in her new house. This was situated in a small row in the suburbs. I should have fixed upon it by the new paint, the fresh muslin blind and geranium in the window, had not the little bride run out herself to welcome me. She was all bright with blushes and smiles, and I seemed to have made her so happy by coming, that a sort of complacent feeling stole over me, as if I had done something very kind in coming to take my tea. With what pretty vanity and delight did she not show me over her house, the air with which she styled the little front parlor "the drawing-room," the tiny lobby "the hall," and the little grass-plot and one flower-bed "our garden." Remember, she never had had a home, and this ordinary little house looked to her a palace! Blissful tears were in her eyes as she spoke of her husband, how good, how kind, how clever he was. What an exquisite joy it was both to him and her to be really loved, and find themselves of consequence to a single living creature.

Long before we had finished our conversation, Mr. Frankland came home. He had become quite another person, even his lameness seemed lessened, he walked erect, his plaintive smile was exchanged for one as bright as his little wife's whom he bantered so fondly. Tea having been brought in by the one servant, Betsey, we had a very sociable meal, though the cakes were of a most extraordinary kind, invented by Mrs. Frankland, out of dough, by the help of currants and a shaping wine-glass. Her husband thought they came from the confectioner's—what *could* she do that was not best? Ah happy little bride, sharing the prerogative of royalty that cannot do wrong! After tea, Mr. Frankland showed me a present he said he had made himself, the manuscript of his wife's poetry prettily bound. Even the minnow-fry of poets have their vanity, as could be seen in the little woman's gratified smile. In her last sonnet upon her new home, I, who was not in love, could not repress a smile at the epithets, "rural shades," "rosy bowers," and "verdant meads," bestowed on the little pert brick house, the broken ground opposite, and the little flower court with its white-washed wall. Mr. Frankland, not liking perhaps to seem deluded before a third person, likewise demurred here a little. "Well, well!" he concluded, "it is well that a poor man's wife *should* be an alchemist."

Two happy years passed away, and then there came on this united couple a promise of the one only blessing wanting: Mrs. Frankland was about to become a mother. Her husband's happiness was, at first, al-

loyed by some little care. Theirs was but a narrow income, and his manly, protecting love chafed at the fear of privation for his Susan. But as Susan presently cheered away every cloud, it was impossible to be miserable about one who was so perfectly contented herself. And then came the prospect of a possible addition to Mr. Frankland's salary. It was but ten pounds a year it must be confessed, but had you heard his wife talk of "the addition to our income" and "our excellent prospects," you would have rated it at a hundred pounds or so. However, she was an excellent manager, and every week since her marriage, besides a trifle for charity, had laid by what now amounted to a nice little sum for the new expenses. Only those who have had a narrow income *can* estimate the comfort of a saving like this. Mrs. Frankland expected her confinement about Christmas, so I went to her in November to lend a hand to the work. Our materials being poor, in spite of Susan's stripping off every bit of lace she possessed, we had plenty of scope for our ingenuity to give beauty to our work by dint of scalloping, stitching and satin stitching, and very proud were we of our creations.

I promised to keep house while Susan was to be ill, she had such confidence in my "making George comfortable," and I was to be god-mother. Mr. Frankland had thought it proper, in case the child should be a girl, to request Mrs. Dashwood to be the other god-mother. The tone of the refusal, more than the refusal itself, wounded Mrs. Frankland for her husband's sake. "George was Mr. Dashwood's own nephew, full as well-born, and had behaved to him better than his own sons." Then, for the first time she told me that Mrs. Dashwood had never been to see her, and even her dear little pupils had never been allowed to come. "I would not have done them any harm," said she; "surely I am not more vulgar now, than when with them all day."

When our work was over, I had an engagement before Christmas at a village some eight miles off, where lived two families of my patrons. I was to be a fortnight away. The young ladies of the two families were to go to their first ball, and much afraid were they I should never finish in time. All my work, however, was completed, to the last stitch, before even the eventful evening arrived, and, having no more to do, I sat down to rest myself, and took up the paper with the curiosity one always has when from home. I turned to the births, deaths, and marriages; not a name I knew. Stop, there are a few more deaths over the page—what is this?—*who* is dead in Lamb Street? "On Sunday, the 27th instant, at her residence,

Lamb Street, Susan, the beloved wife of George Frankland, Esq." This *must* be some mistake; sick and trembling I re-read the sentence: "Susan, the beloved wife"—those vain, fond words to spell out to the world how dear, how very dear the being that is lost! But, oh it was not *my* Susan, my kind, healthy, happy Susan! No, it must be some one weary and sick of the world that Death had taken to his cold bed, *not* the sunny Susan who had kissed me so warmly a fortnight ago. And this news was a week old. But there it was, "Susan, the beloved wife of George Frankland, Esq." She was dead! Susan was dead! I should never see her any more! No, never any more, that kept ringing in my ears.

But what was my loss to the *husband's*? What would become of *him*? A lonely, despaired man from his birth, a Spring had suddenly burst upon him, and, when he had poured forth his soul in hymns of praise, suddenly all was taken from him! A younger, gayer, prosperous man might revive and marry again, but, poor, lame, and dejected, who would love him now that Susan was gone? How was *he* to be resigned? I feared to see Mr. Frankland.

As I returned to L——, every street, the inn-door where Susan had stood watching me off, brought her and my sorrow to my mind. The street where we stopped was busy, crowded, and steep, the east wind blew cuttlingly up it. Cold and dreary, I felt keenly the being jostled by passengers, as I stood waiting for my box. Suddenly, I saw Mr. Frankland toiling wearily up the steep street among the crowd. He seemed to walk lamer, and leant heavily upon his stick against the buffeting of the wind. I shall not forget how plaintive his face looked through all the sweetness of his expression. My first impulse was to retreat; how could he bear to see me, and *here*? But he had observed me. "Jane," he said, and held out his hand. He looked me full in the face. Utter loneliness and patient sorrow filled that mute appeal with unspeakable pathos. Tears gushed from my eyes: he wished nothing more than tears shed for love of his Susan.

At last he said gently, "We have had a great loss!"

"Oh sir," cried I, passionately, "it is too great to be told!"

"Yes," replied he, "I never looked for *that*."

How could my grief be loquacious, when his was so quiet? I went to see him as soon as I could. I stood on the steps; *she* had first opened that door to me. Betsey let me in, and took me into the parlor. I motioned to her to sit down. We both began to cry. We sat thus crying some time, when the front door was opened with a latch key, and Mr. Frankland walked in, too suddenly for us to check our tears. He looked from one to the other, there came a quivering movement in his features, and he walked away as though to hang up his hat. Presently he returned, and gave me a kind welcome; you see he was anxious to greet me as his Susan would have done.

Betsey soon brought in the tea; we sat down to it, but I could not eat. "I see, I see," said he, quietly, "nothing tastes as when she made it." Thinking it my duty to divert his thoughts, I began to talk on various matters. He answered me kindly, but I saw that his thoughts were elsewhere. His eyes were fixed on the vacant place, more intent on summoning back the shade of his Susan than any thing this world could afford.

At last he said abruptly, "How pretty she used to look, Jane, pouring out the tea."

"Ah, yes, sir! she used to sit just here."

"No," he replied, pointing to a spot a few inches lower down, "it was just here, that she might see the trees in Mr. Jones' garden; then suddenly breaking down, "Oh, my God! could she not have been spared me a little longer?" This was his first and last ungoverned emotion so far as I could witness.

After this evening I often went to see Mr. Frankland, and his Susan was ever our favorite theme. In time he became a wealthy man, his talents gaining him a partnership. But he never left the humble house in Lamb Street, or married, though I have credibly heard that more than one handsome lady had hinted he would not be repulsed. No one who had been kind to his Susan did he ever forget, not even the cousin who had given her the wedding bouquet. After an honored life, he slept at last in her grave. I have often thought of the glad meeting awaiting that constant heart in another world! C. O.

From the Saturday Review.

WILD SPORTS IN THE SOUTH.*

THIS is a fresh and pleasant book, and we gladly welcome it as a proof that at least one American is capable of writing without any serious offences against good taste. It contains delightful descriptions of the scenery and sports of the Southern States; and if the picture which it draws of society be, as we think it is, in the main truthful, the light-hearted negroes who follow the chase and prepare the hunters' meals deserve to be set against the White Slaves and Uncle Toms whose mental and bodily sufferings have so deeply affected the British public. The account it gives of the long war between the United States and the Indians of Florida, deserves especial praise for the candor with which it discloses both the violence and treachery of the American officers towards the Indians, and the awkwardness and tardiness of the American soldiers employed in hunting down a wily and active enemy. It would have been impossible to describe in more severe terms than are to be found in this book the slow and cumbrous movements of our own troops endeavoring to overtake the Caffres. The writer represents himself as wandering in Florida during the war in company with a famous white hunter called Injun Mike, who reminds us of that favorite of boyhood, the Long Rifle of Cooper's tales. The sagacity and beautiful shooting of this white indian make him the most prominent character of the story, and as soon as we become acquainted with him, we feel quite at ease for his companions amid the bands of artful and murderous Seminoles who are traversing the country all around them. It is a great merit of the book that the reader becomes keenly interested in the adventures, although a very small experience of this kind of novel would suffice to teach him how they will end. Mike steals into the camp of a dreaded chief called Tiger Tail, takes away from it a scalp, and cuts his well-known mark upon a canoe. Next day Mike and his companions meet, on the St. John's river, six barge-loads of soldiers bound on a foray. "Hollo!" cries Mike; "goin' a fishin'?" In answer to this satirical salutation, the officer in command asks Mike how soon he thinks the expedition will overtake Tiger Tail. The reply is "Never." The officer calls after him, "Come and guide us, and you will be well paid." Mike answers, "No, you're too many of you: 'taint no use." Nothing more severe than this was ever said

of our own numerous and well-appointed armies struggling slowly and noisily through the tangled wilderness of South Africa in the Caffre wars. Of course the tribes of Florida have been subdued, as the strength of the Caffres has been broken; but at what cost? It is, however, consolatory to find that the difficulties of a contest between a disciplined army and savages are much the same everywhere. We regret that the American who was said to have wished to get a contract to finish the last Caffre war did not make a similar offer to his own government.

This book is full of amusing stories, the style of which is even more humorous than the incidents. Let us try to convey some idea of one called "The Panther's Cub," which is told after supper in a settler's cabin. Mike, who like some great sportsman of our own country is very taciturn, has remarked, in an interval of smoking, "Painter is an uncommon onsartain varmint." Hereupon he is pressed to tell the tale of how he missed a panther the year before. "Wall," he begins, "it was airly mornin' when I started out after that air painter." He saw no signs all the first day, nor the second. By nightfall the hunter had returned nearly to his starting-point. "Yowler and I lay down together, and were doin' some tall sleepin." The cry of the panther waked him, but the beast did not come near. "Mornin' came on, and when it bruck enough to see a meetin' house, I pushed on but the painter had moved off." The trail was found, "and then, sez I, 'Now, Mr. Painter, we'll see who's best at walking.'" Yowler went on a-head, and after an hour, "back he came, with somethin' arter him, tight as he could buckle." It was not yet fairly dawn. The hunter fired and hit, but did not kill. The beast ran off. The hunter remarked, "Here is a painter that gets wounded, and yet don't pitch inter a fellar. Who'd ha' looked for sich a coward in a painter?" Away they went, Yowler a little shy, "but still we did some pretty loud going." By noon they reached a river, and Mike found a place where the chase had lain down in the mud, and knew by the marks of the teats that it was a she panther who had two sucking cubs. A little further on were the tracks of a single cub she had been carrying in her mouth all the way. That was the reason she did not fight. She wanted to get her cub across the river. "My 'pinion of that painter rose some." The hunter and his dog crossed the river in pursuit upon a log, and pushed on through a tough kind of swamp. Presently he found that the panther had doubled back upon her trail and had recrossed the river. "Wall, that's queer. There's somethin' onnateral in that painter.

* *Wild Sports in the South; or, the Camp-Fires of the Everglades.* By Charles E. Whitehead, translator of "Gerard the Lion-Killer." New York: Derby and Jackson. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1860.

She won't tree, and she goes in a straight line to 'tother end of creation, and now she's goin' back agin." He took another log and ferried back. Then he found where the panther had lain down, but there was no trace of a cub. "It tuck just a minute of thinking, and it was all clare." The panther had littered two cubs near where she was seen in the morning. She knew the place was unsafe so she determined to carry her cubs into the swamp beyond the river. She made straight for the swamp with one of them, and hid it, returned on her track, hoping to mislead her pursuer, and at a safe time to carry her other cub into the same swamp. "Soon as I had reasoned this out, I struck for that ere swamp straight." He found the cub and tied it up in his hunting coat.

"When I got all this done, I thought of the old painter, and what she would say to me when she come home with her 'tother young'un. The more I calkerlated, the more it seemed onpleasant; for though the varmint was so perlit when she was outwitting me, I reckoned she wouldn't be so much so when the boot got on 'tother leg. Fust I thought I would get out of that air wind-fall, and wait for the old lady on the bank of the river, whar we could have a clare field, fur I knew it was sartain she would be arter me, and I'd a leetle reether the fight wouldn't be fit out in that swamp. So I put out for the river, and when I got thar, took a clare spot and pattin' the cub down for the stakes, sat down to wait for the other party."

The sun had gone down. The dog grew restless and watched the swamp as if he knew what was coming. The frogs were heard, and the owls and cranes, "but I couldn't hear any painter, and accordin' to my calculations there would be some howlin' when she cum home, and found her pap-poose bagged." It got so dark that Mike could not see the sights on his rifle:—

"I thought it all over to myself. I own up I felt kind a mean like. This stealin' young cubs out their nests is onnatural any way. . . . I'd given a bearskin to put that cub back, and then have fit it out with a clare conscience. But it could'n't be done no how. All that's left when the deal is made is to stand up to your hand."

Just then he saw beyond the river the light of an Indian camp. It was part of Tiger Tail's band. They were friendly then, but "nasty varmints, worsen painters any day." However, they could help the fight, so Mike paddled over once more, looking round once or twice to see if the panther was not climbing on the log behind him. He got over all right, and "yer better believe I didn't let grass grow under me." As he came up to the camp, he looked back, and "where the sandy bank lay against the water, where it was brightened by the sunset, I see the she-

painter cumin' like greased lightnin'." He walked slowly into the ring of seated Indians, laid before them the cub rolled up in his coat, and sat down as far off as convenient. He announced a present to the chief and—

"I was goin' on to say more, but I didn't have time, for jist then I heerd a thump in the bushes, and the she-panther cum in as ef she was flyin'. . . . The lousy devils rolled over like prairie dogs, the pot upst, the coals flew around, the squaws yelled, the dogs pitched in, and afore any one could get out his knife, that painter did some tall tearin'. They rolled over and over, yellin', bitin', swearin'. Some got hit fur the painter fur they couldn't see whar to strike, and thar was no room for shootin'. Lord, Colonel, it would hur done you good to have seen that air scrimmage. I got behind a tree, and larfed so it hurt me; and when I see they had well nigh fit out, Yowler and me, thinkin' they might blame us, stepped out, and I hain't seen them Injuns nur that air painter since."

There is another and even a better story about a panther and a parson getting shut up together in a pig-pen on a dark winter night, on the coast, when, between the noise of the wind and the surf, "you couldn't a heerd a neighbor askin' you to take a drink, and I reckon that is what a man hears quickest." A hunter is outside the pen preparing to shoot the panther, and listening to the ejaculations of the divine—

"Just then the doctor broke out afresh, half a screechin', half a prayin'; he seemed to be kind 'o confessin' to the painter, for he was goin' over what a sinner he had been, and talking about Daniel in the lion's den, and the sword of the Lord, and somethin' about Gideon, and Samson and the young lion; and yer never did hear a critter get out so much that was pious in so short a time. I think if I wanted to convert a sinner I'd shut him up with a painter, I would."

The parson hoped, as he prayed, that the panther, who was nearly as uncomfortable and as noisy in a different way as himself, would jump out of the pen by a hole in the roof, and leave him among the gentle pigs. But the panther tried the leap, and failed: and then the parson forgot his praying, and hollowed lustily to the hunter to come and help him. "He was like the old woman who said she trusted in Providence, when her horse ran away with her, till the britchen broke, and then she gup up." We rather think that this must have been the same parson of the Southern States of whose spiritual gifts we have somewhere heard a very emphatic commendation. It should be known that in the south the ruder settlers have a single coarse form of speech which supplies every variety of the uses of a superlative.

Thus a Texan once went to a theatre especially to witness the last combat and glorious death of a popular naval hero. Unfortunately, the Texan fell asleep, and did not wake until the curtain had fallen on the final tableau. He begged a neighbor to describe to him the spirit-stirring scene. "Wall," was the answer, "he fired off three pistols, wrapped himself in the American flag, and died like a son of a" mother of puppies. Another roving Texan was once prevailed upon to go to meeting, and was asked by a comrad what he thought of the spiritual exercises of the minister. "Wall," said he, "he worn't so great in preachin', but he prayed like a son of a" lady dog. It is a conjecture of our own that this gift may have been developed by the company of a panther in a pig-pen. We shall not describe how the parson blundered into danger, nor how the hunter extricated him. Those who are induced by this notice to read the book will thank us for exciting their curiosity.

But in our amusement at particular scenes we had almost forgotten to notice that the book we have been praising contains a story with love-making, and tragic incidents, and a happy ending. Indeed, we should prefer, if possible, to forget this portion of the book altogether. It is something like a personal injury that we feel on seeing Ingun Mike made to fall in love. The Long Rifle did service in many ways to the novelist who created him, but he was never condemned to make so very poor a figure before a lady as does this modern reproduction of the sagacious and dreaded Hawk-eye. The Achilles of Homer does not shock us more in the pages of Racine than would the white comrad of the Mohican chiefs making humble and hopeless suit to a young lady fresh from a genteel school. However, in the days of which Cooper wrote, young ladies did not

often go from school in the Old States to homes on the border land of civilization, and therefore the hearts of frontiersmen may have been safer, and their views of existence more philosophical, than they can now be. If an Ingun Mike chanced to exist in the nineteenth century, he must accept the conditions of existence, of which liability to the tender passion appears to be one everywhere. The young lady who does the mischief is the daughter of a frontier-settler, named Jackson. The only overt act of courtship committed by Mike is to shoot a tiger-cat, of which animal Miss Jackson wishes to possess a skin. The attempt at explanation which accompanies the gift is severely snubbed. Then Jackson's farm is attacked by Indians, and the family, under Mike's guidance, make for the nearest military post. But Jackson is killed as they descend the river, and Mike conducts the orphan daughter to a place of safety. Thence she goes to dwell with her father's brother, who is light-house keeper on a sand-bank on the coast, and there the uncle and niece are besieged by Tiger Tail and a band of eight warriors. The old man is killed, and the girl is blockaded in the light-tower, when, of course, Mike comes to her relief. Need we say that the crack of his single rifle is the knell of fate to the bloodthirsty foe? Need we tell how, in three years, Miss Jackson finds out that she loves her preserver, and how she returns to affluence and civilized society, and then hints to the respectful and devoted Mike that the passion he has striven to subdue is reciprocated, and that she is prepared for the usual consequences? We close the book with a mournful apprehension that, if there be a miserable dog on earth, it must be Ingun Mike after six months' experience of civilization and connubial felicity.

BEE SUPERSTITION.—A strange mode of alluring bees, when the usual way of dressing cottagers' hives fails, was related to me lately by an old farmer, who says he saw it practised fifty years ago at Churcham, near Gloucester:—

When a swarm was to be hived, the Churcham bee-masters, it appears, did not moisten the inside of the hive with honey or sugar and water, etc., but threw into the inverted hive about a

pint of beans, which they then caused a sow to devour from the hive; and deponent stated that after such a process the swarm at once took to the hive. Now, when we consider how delicately fastidious are bees as to strong or unseemly odors, the puzzling point is, does this custom, if fact, rest upon any natural or recognizable principle, or is it, like many other bee customs, the relic of an effete superstitious usage? —*Notes and Queries.*